

Wilbur has added you to the chat

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Category:	F/F , M/M
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Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap , Zak Ahmed & Darryl Noveschosch , Minx JustAMinx & Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy & Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy/Minx JustAMinx , Cara CaptainPuffy/Minx JustAMinx/Niki Nihachu
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Karl Jacobs , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Cara CaptainPuffy , Minx JustAMinx (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy
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Wilbur has added you to the chat

by [a_katastrophy](#)

Summary

Wilbur has added 16+ others to My New Social Experiment

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx: Will, m8, wtf is this

Wilbur: I do what I fucking please Phil.

alternatively:

Wilbur is bored and decides to cause a bit of chaos. i promise its better than it sounds.

(FUNCTIONALLY FINISHED)

Notes

heya fellow gamers

this is just some shit i was thinking about and couldn't get out of my head so here

itll probably be mostly chatfic type shit, but i might have some normal chapters in there aswell

pls pls pls dont share this story or any other fic with the cc's, and if any of the characters involved in shipping state they are uncomfortable with being shipped with others, ill write the ship out.

YES THERE WILL BE SHIPPING. if you dont like it, you can kindly fuck off, thanks

also, if you know me in person, no you dont <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Phil: Will, m8, wtf is this

*Wilbur has added 16+ others to **My New Social Experiment***

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx: Will, m8, wtf is this

Wilbur: I do what I fucking please, Phil.

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx: oh, hello Wilbur! could you maybe explain this, pls? also, can i add my name?

Wilbur: ofc

Niki: ok, thanks! now, pls explain, im very confused. why do i know ppl in here?

Philza: ya Will, i would like an explanation too

Wilbur: fine, fine.

Wilbur: simply put, i was bored.

Philza: will-

TOMMY: AYYYYYYY WILBUR SOOT, MAH FRIEND

TOMMY: WERE LIKE BROTHERS

Wilbur: dont say that, i will cry

Wilbur: now if you would all let me explain-

Fundy: oh, hello Niki!

Niki: Fundy, hi! i didnt know you were here!

Wilbur: guys

Fundy: ya, i didnt know i was here until just now either

Niki: thats funny

Wilbur: guys

Philza: i still dont know *why* im here tho

Niki: ya, same

Wilbur: GUYS

TOMMY: WHAT

Wilbur: just- shut up for a minute so i can explain

TOMMY: fine

Philza: fine

Fundy: fine

Niki: go ahead, Will

Wilbur: right. so, i was bored and realized that a lot of my friends dont actually know each other. so that gave me an idea i added all of my close friends into one chat, and now i can sit back and watch the chaos.

Philza: ...

Philza: why are you like this

Niki: i think its a great idea Will! maybe we can make new friends!

Minx: I like this one Will, she seems nice

Niki: thank you! uh, who are you?

Minx: just a friend ;)

Niki: ooooooh

Niki: gotchoo ;)

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx: what if i dont want to use my real name. i only know one of these ppl

Wilbur: why dont you use that stupid online nickname

Dream: alright

Sapnap: ay, ill do that too!

Dream: DUDE

Sapnap: DUDE

Dream: *tears up* Dude?

Sapnap: *nods* dude

Dream: *smiles* dude

(xxx)-xxx-xxxx: i just woke up, wtf is this

Wilbur: read above

George: oh, got it. anyways, good morning, who tf are you two and why are you role playing in my dms

Dream: this one is not very dudy

Sapnap: hehe, you said doody

George: I cant deal with this rn, im going back to sleep

TOMMY: YA BITCH, WE DONT WANT YOU HERE ANYWAY

George: ...

George: Wilbur why tf are there children here

TOMMY: BITCH IM NOT A CHILD IM A BIG MAN IM THE BIGGEST MAN

Wilbur: no youre not, shut up

TOMMY: GASP

Tubbo: helloe?

TOMMY: DOUBLE GASP

TOMMY: TUBBO

Tubbo: TOMMY

George: oh god theres another one

Dream: i though you were getting ur beauty sleep

George: ew, stfu, i dont even know you

Wilbur: actually, you probs do

Dream: Wilbur-

Wilbur: im not gonna out u or anything (since apparently you wanna be all mysterious or some shit)

Wilbur: im just trying to further the chaos

Wilbur: everyone in this group goes to the same school

TOMMY: WHAT

Tubbo: WHAT

Niki: what

Minx: what

Dream: WHAT

Sapnap: WHAT

Skeppy: WHAT

Karl: What

Quackity: WHAT

Fundy: what

Bad: what?

Puffy: what

Ranboo: what

TOMMY: ew, ranboob is here

TOMMY** has removed **Ranboo** from **My New Social Experiment

Wilbur** has added **Ranboo** to **My New Social Experiment

TOMMY: Will, wtf, i thought we were brothers

Ranboo: thanks Tommy

Wilbur: im taking away ur gc rights, Tommy

Dream: wait, so we're just not gonna talk about the fact that we all go to the same school?

George: im not even surprised, tbh

Philza: same

Dream: wow, arent you smart Gogy

George: what

George: the fuck did you just call me

Dream: Gogy

George: ...

George *has left My New Social Experiment*

Sapnap: L

TOMMY: L

Tubbo: L

Skeppy: L

Dream: idk if i like this group very much

Karl: why dont we all share things ab ourselves?

Chapter Summary

Karl: hey, so im here too i guess?

Quackity: hey, me too ;)

Karl: ...do i know you?

Quackity: no, but you can ;)

Wilbur: this chat was a mistake

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Karl: hey, so im here too i guess?

Quackity: hey, me too ;)

Karl: ...do i know you?

Quackity: no, but you can ;)

Wilbur: this chat was a mistake

Philza: the only person you can blame is urself m8

Wilbur: ur not helping Phil

Wibur added George to My New Social Experiment

George: wtf do u want Will

Wilbur: pls, i need someone who has some sense here to keep me sane

Philza: rude

Niki: rude

Minx: rude

TOMMY: RUDE

George: ...

George: fine

Dream: yay, ur back :D

Sapnap: simp

Quackity: simp

Karl: simp

Sapnap: also hey, its nice to meet u two, i dont think we've talked yet

Karl: hi! my names Karl

Quackity: my names Alex, but you can call me yours ;)

Sapnap: cool ;)

Karl: wh- what ab me?

Quackity: dont worry, how could we forget you, beautiful?

Sapnap: ;)

Quackity: ;)

Karl: :0

Karl: ;)

George: that was weird

Dream: for once, im agreeing w/ Gogy

George: call me that one more fucking time and you will suddenly find yourself short several kneecaps

Dream: sounds fun

George: shut up, ur annoying

Dream: make me

Sapnap: kinky

George: omfg

George: ...

George: Wilbur Soot why am I not allowed to leave the gc

Wilbur: cause it's more fun with you here?

George: fucking fine whatever

Karl: anyways-

Karl: wilbur said we all go to the same school, right? why dont we all share things ab ourselves?
like our grades, maybe something we do for fun? that way, maybe we could find each other

Dream: tough luck, you'll never find out anything ab me

Sapnap: i literally know where you live

Dream: ...

Dream: no u dont

Sapnap: fucking bet

Dream: wtf

Dream: HES OUTSIDE MY FUCKING HOUSE

Dream: HES FUCKGOIBAADBYFEB

Dream: hi, im dream, im a junior, and i like to play football

George: ...

George: wtf just happened

Sapnap: i took his phone

Philza: ah. well, im Phil, im a senior, and i like babysitting kids

TOMMY: IM TOMMY, IM A FRESHMEN, AND I LIKE HANGING OUT WITH TUBBO

Tubbo: aww Tommy! well, im Tubbo, im a freshmen, and i like hanging out with my friends!

TOMMY: AM I UR FRIEND, TUBBO?

Tubbo: ofc! ur my bestfriend!

TOMMY: YAAAAY! SUCK IT, RANBOOB!

Ranboo: well, i guess its my turn. im Ranboo, im also a freshmen, and i enjoy reading

Niki: hi, im Niki, im a sophmore, and i like painting!

Minx: im Minx, im a junior, and i like doing drugs

Quackity: same

Sapnap: same

Sapnap: im sapnap, im a junior, and i like playing football with my bro Dreamy

Dream: i hate you

Sapnap: i know

Quackity: im Alex, but you can call me Quackity. im a junior and i like gaming

Karl: im Karl, im a junior, and i also like gaming!

Quackity: really? ;)

Karl: ;)

Puffy: I'm Cara, you can call me Puffy. Im a senior, and i like drawing also

Wilbur: Im Wilbur, im a junior, and i like bullying children online and making music

Fundy: im Fundy, im a sophmore, and i like listening to music

Wilbur: good choice my son

Fundy: we're literally not related

Skeppy: Im Zak, you can call me Skeppy, im a junior, and i like gaming too

Bad: im Darryl, you can call me Bad or BadBoyHalo, and i also like listening to music!

Karl: is that everyone?

Dream: i think so...

Philza: Techno

Technoblade: no

Wilbur: introduce urself, Techno

Technoblade: let me leave the group Wilbur

Wilbur: nope

Technoblade: ...

Technoblade: fine. im Technoblade, call me Techno. im a senior and i like murdering orphans

Ranboo: ...

Ranboo: alrighty then

Philza: jesus christ Techno

TOMMY: HEY TECHNO I DIDNT KNOW YOU WERE IN THIS GC

Technoblade: Will, why is the child here

TOMMY: I AM NOT-

Wilbur has muted TOMMY

Philza: harsh

Dream: welp, ive got class now, and i bet u guys do too

Niki: ya

Fundy: ya

Sapnap: ya

Karl: ya :/

George: lol no

Wilbur: George you have to come to school

George: no i dont ive got a free first

George: suck it

Dream: ok

Sapnap: wtf Dream

George: ew im fucking leaving

Tubbo: ...

Tubbo: Will, Tommy wants to be unmuted

Wilbur: tell him he can come back if he learns how to not be a child

Tubbo: ok ill tell himsaeihOAJKSFigAD

Tubbo: WILBUR U BITCH UNMUTE ME RIGHT NOW

Wilbur: tomorrow

Tubbo: NO RIGHT NOWOOUASJsejhfaosa

Tubbo: Tommy is gone, he says fuck you and that he'll be back later

Wilbur: oh joy

Dream: Will get off ur phone and help me with this project

Wilbur: fine. bye

Niki: bye!

Tubbo: bye!

Fundy: bye

Philza: bye

Technoblade: death

Philza: no-

Chapter End Notes

wow, two parts in one day, arent you proud? no? alrighty then.

Quackity: No, because who tf is this George guy exactly?

Chapter Summary

Karl: ...

Karl: so you know how we all introduced ourselves yesterday?

Sapnap: yaaaaa...?

Karl: someone didnt introduce themselves

Sapnap: ...

Sapnap: GOGY

Dream: GOGY

TOMMY: GOGY

Wilbur: sorry George, you gotta

George: shit

Chapter Notes

lol im back bitches and bros and non binary hoes

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl: ...

Karl: so you know how we all introduced ourselves yesterday?

Sapnap: yaaaaa...?

Karl: someone didnt introduce themselves

Sapnap: ...

Sapnap: GOGY

Dream: GOGY

TOMMY: GOGY

Wilbur: sorry George, you gotta

George: shit

Technoblade: heh imagine not introducing urself

Philza: Techno, dont even start with that pls

TOMMY: YA TECHIE THATS NOT VERY BIG MAN OF YOU

Technoblade: ...

Technoblade: did you just fucking call me 'Techie'?

TOMMY: yes...?

Technoblade:

Technoblade: thats it, im murdering the child

Wilbur: guys-

Karl: guys we're getting off topic

Dream: ya, we need Georgie to introduce himself to the class

George: just for that, im not saying anything

Dream: but Georgieeeeeeeeeee

Sapnap: come one Gogyyyyyyyyyyy

Quackity: No, because who tf is this George guy exactly?

George: fucking FINE

George: hi, my name is George, im a junior, and i like coding.

George: now pls leave me tf alone

Dream: lol no <3

George: r u like obsessed w/ me or something

Sapnap: hes a fucking simp

Karl: so r u

Sapnap: uh-

Quackity: OH SNAP, HES POPPIN OFF

Sapnap: ur not any better >:(

Quackity: ya but im not shy about it ;)

George: ew, flirt on ur own time

Dream: oh Geooooooooorge

George: aaaaand thats my cue to go

George is offline

Sapnap: rip Dreams pride

Quackity: rip

Karl: rip

Dream: :')

Wilbur: ya, ill just see myself out

Technoblade: im comin with you

TOMMY: same

Technoblade: no

Wilbur: no

TOMMY: wha- FUCK YOU U BITCHES IM LEAVING WITHOUT YOU YOU ALL SUCK

TOMMY has left My New Social Experiment

Wilbur: how-

Philza: Will i thought you took away the ability to leave

Wilbur: i DID

Technoblade: LMAO

Tubbo: NOOOOOO MY FRIEND COME BACK TO MEEEEEE

TOMMY has joined My New Social Experiment

TOMMY: im sorry Tubbo im back

Wilbur: wha- HOW

TOMMY: wouldnt u like to know bitch baby

Ranboo: welcome back Tommy!

TOMMY: ...

TOMMY** has left **My New Social Experiment

Wilbur: this social experiment isnt going very well

George: i agree

Dream: GEORGE

George: ew ur still here

Dream: WAIT NO DONT LEAVE

Dream: ur a junior right?

George: ya...? i already said that

Dream: maybe we know eachother already ;)

George: idk anyone named Dream, tho im guessing thats not ur real name

Dream: i wasnt gonna put my real name out here, but id do it for u ;)

George: ew no thanks

Dream: :'(

- *Private message from Nick to Clay* -

Nick: man ur rlly down bad huh

Clay: hes *ignoring* me Nick!

Nick: lol cant relate

Clay: ...

Clay: dont u literally have like two boyfriends now?

Nick: uh-

Nick has gone offline

- *My New Social Experiment* -

Dream: i think i just bullied Sap off the internet

Karl: GASP HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO MY HUSBAND

Quackity: *our

Karl: OUR HUSBAND

Sapnap: dont hmu only the real ones know

Karl: PLS DONT LEAVE US

Quackity: WE CANT DEAL WITH DREAM FLIRTING W/ GEORGE ON OUR OWN

Dream: rude

George: ya, im not even here anymore

George has gone offline

Dream: youll fall for me one day

Wilbur: this was definitely not the purpose of this gc

Chapter End Notes

see u soon yall

plot is ab to happen >:)

Dream: This feels like a hate crime

Chapter Summary

Dream: Wilbur, how many ppl here arent american?

Wilbur: i dont think you want to go down that path

TOMMY: ITS ROLECALL TIME BITCHES

Sapnap: oh no

Chapter Notes

idk i just had this idea so here

still not plot related, we'll get there

anyways, enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream: ok so this might come off as weird

Dream: but i was thinking:

George: thats never a good sign

Dream: shut up. anyways, i was thinking: Will doesnt rlly like americans, right?

Sapnap: ya...?

Dream: Wilbur, how many ppl here arent american?

Wilbur: i dont think you want to go down that path

TOMMY: ITS ROLECALL TIME BITCHES

Sapnap: oh no

TOMMY: IF YOUR NOT AMERICAN SAY I

TOMMY: I

Tubbo: I

George: i

Wilbur: i

Niki: I!

Minx: i

Fundy: i

Philza: i

Eret has joined My New Social Experiment

Eret: i

Eret has left My New Social Experiment

TOMMY: wtf

Tubbo: NOOOOO ERET COME BACK

Niki: sad :'(

Dream: who tf was that

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: how-

Philza: best not to question it m8

Dream: also wow that was a lot more ppl than i expected

George: ew, imagine being american

Dream: i will have u know im a proud floridan

George: that just makes it worse. u see how that makes it worse, right?

Dream: anyways-

Dream: so George, are you british too?

George: im not telling u shit ur still a stranger on the internet

Dream: i literally go to ur school. we probably have classes together

George: ya no thanks

Sapnap: yeesh Gogy is roasting u man

Dream: stay out of this Sapshit, dont u have boyfriends to bug

Karl: rude

Quackity: and we're actually his husbands so back the fuck off

Dream: im not even gonna argue w/ u anymore, i can feel my number of braincells dropping

George: be careful, u dont have that many to lose

Quackity: OOOOOOH BURN

Karl: L

Sapnap: L

TOMMY: L

Tubbo: Tommy we're in class put ur phone away

TOMMY: YOU CANT STOP ME BITCH I AM A BIG MAN I AM THE BIGGEST MAN I AM
TOMMY FUCKING INNIT I WIWK RLWWO JWJB d

Philza: u good Toms?

TOMMY: Tommy will be back later

Philza: ... alright then

Wilbur: u know, im rlly surprised that Bad and Skeppy havent been flirting that much. its mostly just the feral boys over here

George: im sorry, the *who now?*

Quackity: YOOOO THAT NAME FUCKING SLAPS

Karl: BROOOOOOOOO

Sapnap: BROOOOOOOOOO

Dream: IM MAKING US A SEPERATE GC BOIS THIS IS TOO GOOD

Skeppy: oh ya, about that Will...

Bad: Will, you know that we're like- actually dating, right?

Wilbur: what

Dream: uh, since when?

Bad: dude, dream, i thought i told u the other day at practice

Sapnap: he was prob too busy thinking about Gogy

Bad: ya that makes sense

Dream: i feel bullied

- Dream has added **George, Sapnap, Karl, and Quackity** to **THE FERAL BOIS** -

Sapnap: LETS FUCKING GOOOOOOOOOO

Quackity: WE POPPIN OFFF

Karl: yay! :D

George: oh god pls no

Dream: Geoooooorge ;)

George is offline

Sapnap: rip

Chapter End Notes

that is all.

Quackity: Where are the askers tho

Chapter Summary

Dream: in other news, we've got a big football game coming up!

Sapnap: ya lets goooooo

Quackity: ok

Quackity: where are the askers tho

Karl: OOOOOOOOOOOH

TOMMY: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOH

Wilbur: I think you just killed Dream

Chapter Notes

im back bitches

and guess who has fucking tendinitis

its- its me. i have tendinitis.

soooooo.... ya thats fun

anyways, here the beginning of plot, enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream: in other news, we've got a big football game coming up!

Sapnap: ya lets goooooo

Quackity: ok

Quackity: where are the askers tho

Karl: OOOOOOOOOOOOH

TOMMY: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH

Wilbur: I think you just killed Dream

George: good

Dream: wha- GEORGIE WHY HAVE U BETRAYED ME

George: i was never on ur side in the first place, stop being dramatic

Karl: in all seriousness tho, we should actually all go to the game and meet up!

Niki: that sounds rlly fun!

Minx: ya it does

Quackity: simp

Minx: i will literally kill u duck bitch

TOMMY: OOOOOOOOOOH BURN

Quackity: i feel hurt

Karl: HOW DARE U HURT MY HUSBAND

Sapnap: *our

Karl: OUR HUSBAND

Tubbo: me and Tommy and Ranboo can go to the game! we'll be w/ Wilbur

Wilbur: uh, i dont want the children

Philza: dont worry, ill help babysit

Technoblade: i can help too

Philza: no offense Techno, but i dont trust u around children

Wilbur: same

TOMMY: SAME

Wilbur: children arent allowed in this conversation

Tubbo: its ok Tommy, youve always got me

Ranboo: me too :)

TOMMY: U GUYS ARE MY BEST FRIENDS FUCK WILBY AND TECHIE

Ranboo: im one of ur best friends?

TOMMY: ...

TOMMY: i take back everything i just said

Ranboo: oh...

Tubbo: its ok Boo, Tommy does actually care

TOMMY: did u just call him *Boo*?

Tubbo: yes...?

TOMMY: im being replaced

Tubbo: no...? ur not?

TOMMY: its fine, ill just go

TOMMY has left My New Social Experiment

Wilbur: i still dont know how he does that

Philza: best not to question Tommy, m8

Karl: anyways-

Quackity: me and Karl can go to the game! r u and Dream gonna be playing Sap?

Sapnap: yup! the whole game

George: then ill go to

Dream: awwwww, r u coming to watch me play, Georgie?

George: first, ew. second, still dont know who u r, cant watch u if i dont know u. third, im only going cause if ur playing, my odds of having to actually talk to u go down to 0

Sapnap: rip

Karl: rip

Quackity: rip

Niki: dont worry Dream, we'll cheer for u

Karl: well im gonna be cheering for Sapnap

Quackity: same

Sapnap: <3

Karl: <3

Quackity: <3 ;)

George: pls stop flirting in my dms i cant handle this

Dream: dont worry Georgie youve always got me <3

George: no

Dream: </3

Sapnap: wow, Dream's just being destroyed today

Wilbur: well, i take it we'll all be at the game then?

Niki: yup!

Minx: yep

Puffy: yes sir

Tubbo: me, Tommy, and Boo will be there!

George: i guess ill come

Karl: ill be there!

Quackity: me too ;)

Fundy: same

Philza: same

Technoblade: yup

Bad: yep!

Skeppy: yup

Sapnap: obviously me and Dream will be there

Wilbur: alrighty then, see u all tomorrow

Philza: this is gonna be chaotic

Technoblade: someone might die

TOMMY: oh good!

Wilbur: aaaand the child is back

TOMMY: NO ONE CANT GET RID OF ME I AM TOMMY FUCKING INNIT I WILL KILL YOU AL

***TOMMY** has gone offline*

Tubbo: he just got his phone confiscated

Dream: rip

Sapnap: rip Tommy, u will be missed

Wilbur: no u wont

Technoblade: fly high Tommyinnit

Philza: he's- not dead tho?

Technoblade: dont worry, he will be soon :)

Philza: pls no-

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter will have some actual not chat scenes, so that'll be fun, cause i love writing dialogue

see u all then!

Nick: ur in deep shit now man

Chapter Summary

Wilbur: here we go

TOMMY: off the cause arson

Philza: Tommy, m8, this is a football game

Technoblade: i like arson

Wilbur: ofc u do

Chapter Notes

ready for a real chapter? me too

lets fucking go

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur: here we go

TOMMY: off the cause arson

Philza: Tommy, m8, this is a football game

Technoblade: i like arson

Wilbur: ofc u do

- IRL -

Wilbur POV

"Wilbur, this feels like a bad idea."

Wilbur sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. Behind him, Will could hear Tommy yelling something at Ranboo, who was cowering behind Tubbo, who was subsequently yelling right back at Tommy. Techno was chanting 'fight, fight, fight' next to Wilbur, while Phil looked on, eyes crinkled with concern.

"Do you think I don't know that?" Wilbur groaned, staring forlornly at the bickering children. "But it wasn't like I could just leave them at home."

"I mean, you could've," Techno added unhelpfully, giving Wilbur an annoying smirk.

"You're not helping," Wilbur grumbled, turning to look out over the football field, trying to spot all of his friends. After a few minutes of watching, Will spotted Niki and Flores, walking towards the group and laughing with each other. A little behind them, Will noticed George looking around, probably trying to find the group. After shooting the Brit a quick text, George found them, catching up to the group just as Alex and Karl arrived.

"Karlos!"

Karl gave Alex a confused look before seeming to realize who he was. "Quackity!"

They started talking loudly, waving their hands around and laughing together. Everyone seemed to be getting along, save for George, who looked like he was about to fall asleep. Wilbur smiled and walked over to him, placing a hand on George's shoulder.

"You good man?"

George jumped, looking over to see who was next to him. After realizing it was Will, he let out a sigh, letting his eyes flutter closed. "Ya, just- didn't get much sleep last night."

"George, you don't ever get sleep," Wilbur said, laughing a little at his friend. George glared at him half heartedly before sighing again.

"I guess not."

"Gogy!"

George turned to see both Karl and Alex staring at him, bright (and slightly mischievous) smiles plastered on their faces. The two walked over, each throwing an arm around George's shoulders and dragging him away from Wilbur. George sent Will a *help me* look, but Wilbur just laughed, giving him a little wave before entering into a conversation with Niki and Flores about anteaters.

Nick POV

Nick glanced over at the bleachers, noticing a small group of at least ten people gathered close together, all talking and laughing with one another. Through the crowd, Nick recognize Wilbur, including a few other faces that he recognized from some of his classes. Nick felt a pang in his chest, the feeling of being left out filling him with sadness. Then an arm draped over his shoulders, and Nick turned his head to see a smiling Clay, also watching the group.

"Don't worry, we'll get to talk with them after the game."

Nick sighed, nodding. He looked over the faces of the group members again, slowly putting a few names to some of the faces.

"Ohhhh, so it's *that* George."

This perked Clay's attention.

"You can tell which one is George?"

Nick smirked at his friend's change in expression before pointing out one of the group members. He was shorter than a lot of the other people in the group, fluffy brown hair falling slightly into his eyes. A small frown pulled at the brunette's lips as two boys on either side of him smiled. One had black hair with a beanie pulled over his head. The other had light brown hair that looked slightly windswept. Nick didn't know who they were, but they both looked pretty cute.

"That's George."

Clay made a small *oh*, his gaze fixed on George. Then he turned and leaned his face into Nick's shoulder.

"Dammit Nick, he's actually cute!"

Nick just let out a laugh, pulling away from his friend to get the rest of his gear on. The game was about to start.

"Well, if we win, maybe you'll get to talk to him."

Clay frowned at Nick, slipping his jersey over his head. "Unlikely. I'm pretty sure he hates me."

Nick just hummed.

George's POV

"Dude, we're winning!"

George frowned at Alex, who was sitting with his arm intertwined with Karl's. The two had gotten close surprisingly fast, and George found himself envying their comfortableness with each other. He kinda wished he had someone like that.

"I can see that, Alex," George said, trying to pull his thoughts away from self pity and refocusing on the game. Halftime was called, and George found himself watching one of the players as he made his way off the field. He had pulled off his helmet, and his dirty blonde hair stuck to his face slightly. A sheen of sweat covered his forehead, but that somehow made him look even more attractive than he already was.

"Who's that?" George found himself asking, pointing to the blonde.

Wilbur gave him an amused look, shaking his head slightly. It was Darryl who answered his question. "That's my friend Clay."

"Clay," George whispered to himself, watching the blonde wrap his arm around another player's shoulders. The other guy was slightly shorter than Clay (though still taller than George) with a white bandanna wrapped around his forehead. He looked a little familiar, and George realized that the guy was in his AP Bio class. His name was Nick. *Could that be Sapnap?* As he turned to ask Wilbur about the two, he saw the other man's smirk still in place.

"What?" George asked, annoyed. Wilbur just shook his head.

"Nothing, nothing."

- My New Social Experiment -

Quackity: its official, me and Karl are getting married

Karl: yay! :D

Sapnap: :(what about me?

Quackity: meet us after the game and we'll see ;)

Karl: if u match our beauty, u can join us

Dream: good for Sap, he's the sexiest man alive

George: speaking of sexy-

Dream: yes?

George: #01 is kinda hot ngl

Dream: ...

Dream: really?

*- Message from **Clay** to **Nick** -*

Clay: pls tell me i read that right

Nick: duuuuuuuuuude

Nick: this is way too funny

Clay: i- he doesnt know that im #01

Nick: ...r u gonna tell him?

Clay: not yet

Clay: im gonna have some fun first ;)

Nick: alright, just dont do anything stupid

- My New Social Experiment -

Quackity: u know who else is hot?

Karl: me?

Quackity: yes but also #03

Sapnap: rilly? ill let him know ;)

Dream: dude

Sapnap: what

Dream: ur #03

Sapnap: ya i know

Sapnap: its called being subtle, try it sometime

Dream: i- I AM VERY SUBTLE

Sapnap: not u staring at George while texting me

Dream: i-

George: what-

Dream: come one Sapshit we have a game to win

Dream is offline

Quackity: im actually dying, was he rlly staring at George?

Sapnap: ya he looked like a sad puppy

Quackity: LMAO

Karl: so we're just not gonna talk ab how hot Sapnap is? alright

Sapnap: u think im hot :0

Karl: uh-

Karl is offline

Philza: wtf is happening rn

Technoblade: ew feelings

Wilbur: im ab to confiscate everyone's phones, focus on the fucking game

Quackity: fine

Technoblade: fine

Sapnap: fine

George: fine

Sapnap: or u can keep checking out Clay, George

George: mmm don't mind if i do

Dream: ...

George: u got something to say, mystery boy?

Dream is offline

Chapter End Notes

this was a lot longer than normal, hope u enjoyed the irl bits

alright im going to sleep now

gn

Karl: lets all eat lunch together!

Chapter Summary

Karl: so i had an idea...

Quackity: ?

Karl: we should all have lunch together!

Sapnap: OH WE SHOULD

Quackity: great idea ;)

Chapter Notes

heres a bit more IRL shit

idk what else to call it lol

enjoy ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Wilbur POV

"Hey guys!"

The game had ended a few minutes earlier, and the group who had showed up were slowly making their way off the bleachers. Their school, L'manburg High, had won with an astounding lead, and everyone had celebrated with a lot of shouting. The person who had called out to them was running over, a smile spreading across his face as he waved. Nick's hair was sticking to his face from sweat, and he had changed out of his football gear into sweats and a t-shirt. Wilbur waved him

over, smiling. Someone ran into Wilbur from behind, making him jump. Turning, he frowned at Karl, who was now on the ground, laughing his head off. Alex was standing over him, in a similar state, his body shaking with silent laughs.

Then Alex saw Nick.

Wilbur watched in dismay as Alex's face broke into a smile, his eyes taking on a mischievous gleam. Alex pulled Karl to his feet, pointing to Nick, who was now only a few feet away from them, unaware of the sudden danger he was in. As Karl's eyes caught onto Nick, his face took on a matching evil grin. The two boys looked at each other, nodded, then ran at Nick.

Wilbur watched as Nick's eyes went wide with surprise, and he stopped in his tracks, looking confusedly at the two figures running towards him. Then they were on top of him, knocking all three of them to the ground. Karl let out a yelp as he rolled away, giggles slipping past the hand covering his mouth. Nick just stared into the sky, looking even more confused than before.

"I take it you two are Karl and Quackity?"

Karl nodded past his giggles, getting to his feet and pulling Alex up with him. Together, they each grabbed one of Nick's hands, pulling him to his feet. Nick's previously confused expression had taken on a bemused smile, one of his hands running through his messy hair. Wilbur watched as the three of them started talking, shouts and laughter filtering through the air towards him. George wandered over from the main group, joining in on the conversation with a small smile. Wilbur turned from the three of them, watching the rest of the group. Niki and Fundy were talking, bright smiles spread on their faces. Tommy was griping at Phil and Ranboo while Tubbo tried to shut him up. Techno was standing next to Phil, occasionally adding unhelpful comments to Tommy's rant. Cara and Minx were deep in conversation, sending glances at Niki every once in a while. Darryl and Zak had gone home already, both claiming to be 'too tired to be around the rest of them'. Everyone seemed happy.

Wilbur felt a smile pull at his lips as he watched them all. Originally, the plan for the group chat had come to him out of boredom, as a way to cause a bit of chaos. But now he realized that it had actually caused some good too. People had made friends. And sure, chaos would probably still ensue. Clay was nowhere to be found, and Wilbur had the feeling he was plotting something. Minx was clearly smitten with Niki, and Will was a little worried about how that would turn out. But for now, he was just happy to see his friends enjoying themselves together.

- My New Social Experiment -

Karl: it was so good to meet everyone!

Niki: ya it was really fun! we should do it again some time

Sapnap: ^

Quackity: ^

TOMMY: ^

George: ...^

Dream: oh? whats this? did Georgie have fun?

George: only cause i didnt have to meet u

Dream: rude

Sapnpa: rip

Karl: so i had an idea...

Quackity: ?

Karl: we should all have lunch together!

Sapnap: OH WE SHOULD

Quackity: great idea ;)

Tubbo: me Tommy Ranboo and the sophmores dont have the same lunch period as you guys :(

Niki: ya :(

Minx: dont worry, we can have our own lunch :)

Niki: :)

Fundy: i feel like im third wheeling

Puffy: welcome to my world

Dream: idk if i can eat w/ u guys but ill see

George: ill go as long as Dream isnt there

Sapnap: its settled then

Karl: yay!

Quackity: see u guys tomorrow then!

- message from *Nick* to *Clay* -

Nick: what r u planning

Clay: nothing...

Nick: spill

Clay: fine, but only cause im gonna need ur help to pull it off

Nick: are you gonna mess with George?

Clay: ...

Clay: just listen...

Chapter End Notes

the next part is gonna be fun to write

cant wait!

George: i have now grown as a person, fuck u

Chapter Summary

George: im killing myself

George: then ill never have to see ur stupid face again

Dream: but Geooooooooorge

George: shut up, ur ugly

Dream: thats not what u said yesterday

George: i have now grown as a person, fuck you

Chapter Notes

this chapter was rlly fun for me to write

this is also slowly spiraling into a dnf centric fic, tho im not mad

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

To George's dismay, it turned out both Alex and Karl were in his 4th period class.

Which meant there was no way to avoid lunch, since the two of them decided to physically drag George after them to the meeting spot the group had decided on.

George sighed, listening vaguely to Karl and Alex's bickering about what type of Minecraft mob was the best. After a few minutes of wandering around campus, the three of them finally arrived at agreed upon the spot, a large picnic table near the science building. Wilbur, Phil, Techno, and Darryl were already there, talking and laughing together. Wilbur looked up as Karl and Alex approached, giving them a little wave and a smile.

"Hey guys! Glad you could make it!"

George slid into the seat next to Wilbur, frowning. "I wasn't planning on coming, but it's hard to avoid those two idiots," he said, waving in the direction of Karl and Alex, who were back to bickering. They had become, if possible, even closer than they had been the day before at the game. The two's reasoning for this was because they happened to actually have the same schedule, so they had just been walking to classes together all morning.

A ping from his pocket got George's attention and he pulled out his phone to check it.

- My New Social Experiment -

TOMMY: ew, imagine having lunch rn

Tubbo: Tommy put ur phone away, we're literally in class

TOMMY: no

Ranboo: guess pls, we need to work on this project

Tubbo: sorry Boo

TOMMY: not sorry Ranboob

Karl: anyways- Nick, when r u getting here?

Nick: sorry guys, ill be there in a few minutes

George: ... is Dream coming?

Dream: do u want me to be there?

George: no

Dream: :(

Sapnap: rip once again

Karl: get off ur phone and get over here >:(

Sapnap: sorry, sorry

- IRL -

George POV

George smiled at the messages before slipping his phone back into his pocket. After a few minutes of talking, George noticed three people walking towards them, talking. As they got closer, George recognized them. It was Zak, Nick, and- Clay.

Clay glanced away from his friends and caught George's eyes. George glanced down at his food, frowning at how hot his face suddenly felt. Glancing up, George noticed Wilbur looking at Clay with a slightly confused, slightly mischievous look in his eyes. Did he know about this?

The three finally made their way to the table, sliding into empty seats. To George's dismay, Clay sat in the empty seat to his left. George felt the football players eyes on him, so he glanced up, shooting Clay a small smile. Clay smiled back, his eyes gleaming a brilliant yellow (green?). Nick was sitting across from George next to Karl and Alex, entering into their argument without a second thought. Zak had sat down with Darryl, and they were talking quietly, small smiles on their faces. They were rather cute together.

"Your name's George, right?"

George jumped, glancing over at Clay, who was still smiling. Trying to keep heat from rising to his cheeks, George nodded. "Ya. And you're Clay?"

George barely noticed the sudden silence around the table, too focused on Clay's face. He was even more hot up close. Curse hot football players. Clay's smile suddenly turned into an evil looking smirk, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"You *could* call me Clay. Or you could call me Dream, Georgie."

George froze.

His pleasant expression fell, replaced by a scowl. Suddenly, he smacked Clay on the back of the head, stood up, and swung his backpack over his shoulder. Clay had started laughing, making an endearing (nope, uh uh, not endearing) tea kettle noise. George started walking away, ignoring the smiles on the other group members' faces.

"Wait, George, no, come back, I'm sorry!" Clay called after him, his sentence punctuated by wheezes. George just flipped him off, not even turning around.

When George was out of sight and Clay was breathing normally again, he noticed the amused look on Wilbur's face. "What?"

"You know he's like, never gonna forgive you for that, right?"

Clay smiled, pulling out his lunch. "He'll get over it eventually. After all, who could possible resist me?"

- My New Social Experiment -

George: Wilbur Soot, let me leave this horrible group chat

Wilbur: no

George: fuck u

Tubbo: um, are we missing something here?

Sapnap: Gogy is just a little embarrassed

George: im killing myself

George: then ill never have to see ur stupid face again

Dream: but Geooooooooorge

George: shut up, ur ugly

Dream: that's not what u said yesterday

George: i have now grown as a person, fuck u

Dream: any time

George is offline

Tubbo: wtf did we miss

Philza: nothing, go back to class

Chapter End Notes

see yall tomorrow (hopefully)

TOMMY: does anyone know how to get away with murder?

Chapter Summary

TOMMY: does anyone know how to get away with murder?

Philza: Tommy wtf

Wilbur: someone stop him

Tubbo: i- am mildly concerned

Techno: did someone say murder?

Chapter Notes

i love tommys pov so much

i dont rlly have anything to use it for tho, so if u guys have any ideas im always open to content

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

TOMMY POV

This was so not poggers.

Tommy glared at the back of Ranboo's head, trying to burn a hole through it with his eyes. Ranboo was talking with Tubbo, both of them working on the project they had for English class. Tommy was *supposed* to be working on the project with them, but he had been benched earlier. Why, you ask? First of all, it definitely wasn't Tommy's fault. Nope. In no way was the small fire that had been set under Ranboo's desk related to Tommy at all. Not. His. Fault.

But for some reason, this stunning logic had failed to convince Tubbo. Which was why Tommy was now staring at Ranboo's stupid duo colored hair, plotting revenge. And maybe murder. The murder part might come up as an afterthought.

"Tommy, would you stop that?"

Tommy paused in his attempt to set Ranboo's hair on fire with his eyeballs to glare at Tubbo. "I'm not *doing* anything."

Tubbo gave him a look, so Tommy sighed, laying his head on his desk. This was going to be a long English class.

- My New Social Experiment -

TOMMY: does anyone know how to get away with murder?

Philza: Tommy wtf

Wilbur: someone stop him

Tubbo: i- am mildly concerned

Technoblade: did someone say murder?

Philza: Techno, no

TOMMY: message me

- message from *TOMMY* to *Technoblade* -

TOMMY: tell me ur secrets

Technoblade: first, tell me who u want dead

Technoblade: then ill think about helping u

TOMMY: its fucking Ranboob

TOMMY: hes stealing Tubbo from me, i can tell

TOMMY: it is the least pog thing i have ever seen

Technoblade: first, dont ever say pog again

TOMMY: pog

Technoblade: second, i happen to actually like Ranboo

TOMMY: WHY???

Technoblade: hes quieter than u

TOMMY: WELL FUCK U TOO I DIDNT WANT UR HELP ANYWAYS

- My New Social Experiment -

Technoblade: im back

Tubbo: why is Tommy glaring at Ranboo even more now?

TOMMY: hey Philza

Philza: no

TOMMY: but Philza Minecraft!

Philza: wtf is Minecraft

George: videogame

TOMMY: oh hey Gogy

TOMMY: anyways-

TOMMY: Philza Minecraft, do u know anything about murder?

Philza: no

Philza: and even if i did, i wouldnt be telling it to a child

TOMMY: I AM NOT A CHILD I AM A BIG MAN

***TOMMY** is offline*

Tubbo: i took his phone away

Technoblade: thank you

Wilbur: our hero

Chapter End Notes

kinda short but i thought it was fun

Karl: movie date?

Chapter Summary

Karl: guess who's officially dating

Quackity: u know it ;)

Sapnap: we poppin off ;)

Niki: congrats u guys!

Dream: i want what u guys have :'(

Sapnap: hey gogy

George: what

Chapter Notes

u guys want dnf content? no? well too bad

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl: guess who's officially dating

Quackity: u know it ;)

Sapnap: we poppin off ;)

Niki: congrats u guys!

Dream: i want what u guys have :'(

Sapnap: hey gogy

George: what

George: ...

George: no

Sapnap: sorry man, i tried

Dream: i hate all of u

- THE FERAL BOIS -

Quackity: I JUST HAD A GREAT IDEA

Karl: WHAT

Quackity: WE SHOULD GO ON A MOVIE DATE

Karl: movie date?

Quackity: MOVIE DATE

Sapnap: lets do it

Dream: thanks for making me feel single

Sapnap: ur welcome

Karl: u and George could come!

George: no

Dream: rude

Dream: but im down

Sapnap: yay

Karl: and dont worry George

Karl: we'll convince u to come ;)

Sapnap: what movie should we see?

Quackity: what ab that new horror movie?

Sapnap: yaaaa lets do it!

Karl: ya!

Dream: sure

George: have fun

- IRL -

George POV

"Hey Georgie."

George sighed, closing his locker to reveal Clay's shit eating smile. George shot him a glare before turning around, planning on walking away, only to be faced with Alex and Karl, smiling brightly. Groaning, George turned back to Clay, who now had a beaming Nick leaning on his shoulder.

"What do you idiots want?"

"I think you know." George sighed, glaring at Clay, who's expression didn't falter.

"Do I? Maybe you need to remind me." George took a step closer to Clay, not dropping his gaze. Clay's eyes narrowed, but his smile remained, slipping into more of a smirk.

"Maybe I should."

Nick cleared his throat, causing George to jump. He shook his head, taking a step away. What was he even doing? George slipped his backpack onto his shoulders, turning away from Clay and Nick.

"Anyways- if you two are done, we should get going. The movie is in half an hour."

George shot Nick a frown. "I already said I wasn't going."

Alex threw an arm around George's shoulders, smiling brightly. "Oh, but we say you are."

George sighed, looking at Nick. (Definitely not avoiding Clay's gaze. Nope, not him.) "If I come with you guys, will you leave me alone?"

"Sure."

George shrugged, giving in. Alex cheered, letting go of George to intertwine his arm with Karl. "Alright! Let's go!"

- time skip to the movie because i can -

George really didn't like horror movies.

He hadn't said anything the day before because he hadn't been planning on coming in the first place, but now he regretted that choice. George should've thought about who he was dealing with. Of course they would drag him along with them, no matter how much he complained at them. There really was no way to avoid them.

Why do you want to avoid them so bad? They're nice to you. Don't push them away, you'll regret it later.

George shook his head, trying to clear the traitorous thoughts. Stupid conscious.

George flinched as one of the character on screen died gruesomely. He really hates horror, but splatter films were a whole different level of no thanks.

"You scared Georgie?"

Clay's soft voice in his ear made George shudder. He was very glad that the movie theater was so dark. He really didn't want Clay to see the redness that was creeping onto his cheeks.

"I'm fine," George said shortly, whispering back. Clay just smirked at him.

"Horror movie's not your thing?"

After a moment, George shook his head. Another character died, letting out a horrible scream. George flinched involuntarily, clenching the arm rest of his chair a little harder. Suddenly, George someone lay their hand over his, their palm warm and comforting. George turned, surprised, to see Clay. The football player wasn't watching George, his eyes glued to the movie screen, but his hand renamed planted over George's.

George's face grew even brighter red than before, but he didn't pull his hand away. Stupid horror movies and stupid football players. Stupid hot football players.

Chapter End Notes

if ur wondering, karl was also scared during the movie. but dont worry, he had two boyfriends to hold his hands :)

TOMMY: wtf is a bench trio

Chapter Summary

Tubbo: hey guys!

TOMMY: Tubbo what is this

Tubbo: a group chat?

TOMMY: ok

TOMMY: wtf is a bench trio

Chapter Notes

sorry, no irl bit this time

yall ask for bench trio content, yall shall receive bench trio content

this is a filler if u cant tell cause idk what i want to happen next

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- *My New Social Experiment* -

Quackity: <pic of Clay and George at the movie>

Quackity: caught in 4 fucking k

Sapnap: wow

Wilbur: wasnt expecting that

Dream: uh- when did u even take this?

Dream: not even mad, this just confirms Gogy's undying love for me

George: ...

George: i see nothing

Dream: yes u do

Dream: the pic is right there

George: sorry im colorblind, cant see it

Dream: i-

Quackity: LMAO

Dream: THATS NOT EVEN HOW COLORBLINDNESS WORKS

Wilbur: can confirm George's colorblindness

Wilbur: he doesnt know what green is

Dream: ...

Dream: i think this makes us enemies George

George: why? not that im mad ab that

Dream: cause i fucking love green

Sapnap: can confirm

Dream: wait, so what color do my eyes look to u?

George: yellow?

Dream: like- pretty yellow? like gold?

George: like piss yellow

Sapnap: LMAO PISSBABY

Quackity: PISSBABY

TOMMY: PISSBABY

Dream: SHUT UP CHILD UR NOT EVEN A PART OF THIS CONVERSATION

TOMMY: I DO WHAT I FUCKING WANT GREEN BOI

Wilbur: this is the only time i will ever encourage u to do something Tommy

TOMMY: i have received Wilbur's blessing

TOMMY: i know what needs to be done

TOMMY** has removed **Dream** from **My New Social Experiment

Wilbur: uh- how did u do that

TOMMY** has changed **My New Social Experiment** to **The Dream Hate Club

Wilbur: stop that

Wilbur** has changed **The Dream Hate Club** to **My New Social Experiment

TOMMY** has changed **My New Social Experiment** to **THE BIG MEN SQUAD + Wilbur

Wilbur** has changed **THE BIG MEN SQUAD + Wilbur** to **Fuck Tommyinnit

TOMMY** has changed **Fuck Tommyinnit** to **no

***Wilbur** has removed **TOMMY's** editing access*

Wilbur** has changed **no** to **The Social Experiment

Wilbur: now that that's settled-

TOMMY: THATS IT IM LEAVING

***TOMMY** has gone offline*

Wilbur: oh thank god

Wilbur has added Dream to The Social Experiment

Dream: thanks

George: great ur back

Dream: awww, u missed me Gogy?

George: that was fucking sarcasm u prick

Dream: ur british is showing

George: ur white boy is showing

Dream: ? ur white too?

George: bite me white boy

Dream: ;)

George: ...

George has gone offline

Dream: he'll come around

- THE BENCH TRIO -

Tubbo: hey guys!

TOMMY: Tubbo what is this

Tubbo: a group chat?

TOMMY: ok

TOMMY: wtf is a bench trio

Tubbo: ? us?

Ranboo: why?

Tubbo: cause we always eat lunch together at that one bench?

TOMMY: ...

TOMMY: u made a group chat

TOMMY: and named it after the place we eat lunch

Tubbo: ...yes?

Ranboo: sick

TOMMY: i approve

Tubbo: good? i guess?

TOMMY: so do either of u know anything about murder? cause Techno offended me the other day and-

Chapter End Notes

lemme know if u guys want more or less irl bits, cause their fun to write but they mean i have to come up w/ a bit more content, which is totally doable, but i dont want to have to do it if u guys dont even like it, so just let me know!

George: i never said we were friends

Chapter Summary

Dream: ur welcome

TOMMY: ?

George: not thanking u again

Dream: but George, we're friends now!

George: i never said we were friends

Chapter Notes

yes i disappeared for two days. no we're not gonna talk about it.

this is- a thing. that happened. for some reason.

TW possibly?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

It turned out that Karl and George actually lived near each other. They had found this out on accident, and now the two of them had taken to walking home together. At first, George had been uncertain about becoming better friends with Karl, but the upbeat brunette had started growing on him. He would never admit this to anyone, but Karl might have become one of George's closest friends, and he appreciated him a lot. Even Karl's habit of rambling.

"Dude, slow down," George tried for the third time, looking with concern at Karl. Karl stopped his rant long enough to take a breath, and George took the momentary pause as a chance to interrupt him. Karl frowned at George before looking embarrassed.

"Sorry, was I rambling again? I'm really sorry."

George smiled reassuringly at Karl. "You're fine. I just don't want you to pass out from a lack of oxygen."

That got a laugh out of Karl, and there was a small lull in their conversation as they neared the edge of campus. Karl had started talking again (slower this time), so George barely heard the footsteps coming up behind them. That was, until someone grabbed his arm and spun him around. George blinked, narrowing his eyes at the three juniors behind him. Sadly, he recognized them. They were from his AP Bio class, and the four of them had recently been put into a group for a project. Of course, because these were football jocks, it had meant that George had done all the work. Thankfully, George had had the sense to inform his teacher of this fact, and everyone in the group but George had failed the project. Less thankfully, it appeared that the three now wanted revenge.

"What do you want?" George was surprised by the lack of emotion in his own voice, but he was grateful for it. He didn't want the three jocks to think he was scared. The one in the middle-Schlatt- stepped forward, grinning evilly.

"Ah, we just wanted to thank you for what you did for us the other day! You know, that project that we all worked *so hard* on?"

George faked a thoughtful look before smirking. "Sorry, don't think I recall that. I do seem to remember a project that *I* worked hard on though."

At that, the grin fell from Schlatt's face, and he took a step closer, grabbing George by the arm. "That would be the one."

George could sense Karl next to him, frozen. The Brit knew his friend wouldn't risk doing anything rash, not if it would lead to George himself getting hurt. But George needed him to do something.

George gritted his teeth, trying to pull his forearm out of Schlatt's grasp, but the jock only squeezed harder. Panic rose in George's chest, but he couldn't think of anything he could do. He was trapped.

"We just felt the need to thank you for those great grades you got us," Schlatt said, in a voice that was nearly a snarl. He raised his right hand, his left still holding George in place. Was he really about to hit him? Was George really gonna get beat up in front of his friend? That would be

scarring for Karl. George squeezed his eyes closed, waiting for the blow, but it never came. Instead, a voice called out to them from behind the three jocks.

"I wouldn't if I were you."

Clay POV

Clay had his last class of the day with Nick, and now he was leaning against a row of lockers, waiting for his friend to pack his bag. Finally, Nick stood up, slinging his backpack over his shoulder with a grin. "Ready to go?"

Clay just rolled his eyes. "Like I haven't been ready for ten minutes. You're kinda slow."

Nick punched him in the arm, faking a scowl before smiling again. "Fine. Let's go."

As they walked through the halls, the two passed friends and classmates, people saying hey and waving at them left and right. Even though he was a junior now and one of the star football players, Clay still hadn't gotten used to the attention. But there were some people he didn't mind saying hi to. The pair passed Niki and Fundy, who waved at them with bright smiles (the whole group chat now knew that Clay was Dream thanks to Nick). Nick and Clay smiled and waved back, continuing past them and out the front doors of the campus. Suddenly, Nick slowed next to Clay.

"What's up?" Clay asked, turning to face his friend. Nick was looking down at his phone and had a frown on his face. Clay, curious, stepped closer, trying to see what Nick was looking at.

"It's from Karl. He just sent his location." Suddenly, Nick's phone rang, a incoming call from his boyfriend. Nick answered immediately, putting the call on speaker. "Karl?"

At first, there was silence. Then Karl's phone picked up the sound of an argument of some kind.

"What do you want?"

Clay knew that voice. That was George's voice. But who was George talking to? Why had Karl called? Then a second voice came through, sounding angry.

"Ah, we just wanted to thank you for what you did for us the other day! You know, that project that we all worked so hard on?"

Clay's blood ran cold. He knew that voice too. Schlatt may have been on the football team, but the jock had taken that as an excuse to harass other people at the school, especially people he deemed less than. Clay looked up at Nick, and he could tell they were thinking the same thing.

"Where are they?"

George POV

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

That voice. George recognized it. The first time he had heard it, the voice had been full of mischief, but now it was full of something else. Carefully suppressed rage. Schlatt's face went weight, and his grip on George loosened. George took the opportunity to slip out of his grasp, stepping closer to Karl. Schlatt seemed to force a calm look onto his face as he turned, revealing a pair of students behind him. One had black hair that fell around his face, a white bandanna keeping the locks out of his eyes. The other was tall, with slightly curly dirty blonde hair and bright eyes. Those eyes were currently fixed on Schlatt.

"Clay, man! We were just having a bit of fun! No need to ruin the mood." Clay scowled, his previously calm complexion crumbling. He looked genuinely scary. George was suddenly very glad that that look wasn't directed at him.

"Well I think it's time you take your 'fun' elsewhere, ya?"

Schlatt cringed away from Clay, turning to gesture to the two jocks with him. The three of them walked away quickly, casting poisonous looks at George and scared glances at Clay, who glowered after them. Once they were out of sight, Clay turned back to George, and his expression softened. He made his way forward, looking worried. Nick hurried past him, pulling Karl into a tight hug. George just stared blankly at Clay, who was now right in front of him.

"How did you know where we were? How did you know what was happening?"

Clay gave him a lopsided smile (which George definite hated. Yup, absolutely loathed.) "Karl called Nick." Then Clay took a step closer, grasping George's arm and pulling up his sleeve to survey the possible damage. His hands were calloused, but his grip was soft as fingers gently grazed George's skin, his expression tight with concern. George felt a shiver run down his spine.

The skin of his arm was already starting to turn unpleasant shades of green and purple, making George flinch a bit. Clay glanced up, looking worried.

"Does it hurt?"

"No," George lied, pulling away quickly. Clay gave him a look, but he thankfully didn't press farther. Instead he turned, smiling warmly at Nick and Karl, who had their foreheads pressed together, whispering quietly to each other. George glanced over at Clay, catching the other's expression. He looked happy but also slightly longing. George remembered a text Clay- Dream had sent earlier that week: *I want what you have*. At the time, George had thought it was a joke, but maybe it wasn't. Maybe Clay was actually a little lonely.

"Hey," George said, getting Clay's attention. The blonde turned back to him, his expression questioning. "I- thanks. For getting rid of them."

Clay's expression changed into a small smirk, and George instantly regretted saying anything. "Aw, it was nothing Georgie. What are friends for?"

Friends, huh? George thought that maybe, just maybe, he could stand being Clay's friend.

Maybe.

He still kinda wanted to kill him

Dream: i would like to announce that i have successfully won Georgie over

George: no u havent

Sapnap: he kinda did tho

Karl: just a bit

Dream: ur welcome

TOMMY: ?

George: not thanking u again

Dream: but George, we're friends now!

George: i never said we were friends

Quackity: k, im clearly missing something here

Sapnap: call me

Quackity: k

- a few moments later -

Quackity: ok someone is about to die today

Karl: Alex, dont

Sapnap: Clay handled it, dont do anything dumb pls

Quackity: ...

Quackity: fine

Quackity: but if those idiots ever pull shit again, theyre dead

Dream: i would be fine with that

George: no murder

Dream: ...

Dream: fine

Sapnap: simp

Chapter End Notes

if ya cant tell, i dont like schlatt very much

there's like- almost no chat in this chatfic anymore lol

TOMMY: i wont hesitate bitch

Chapter Summary

TOMMY: TUBBO I NEED HELP

Tubbo: why?

TOMMY: I HAVE A GROUP ASSIGNMENT IN MATH

Tubbo: ok...?

TOMMY: AND IM PARTNERED WITH RANBOOB

Chapter Notes

this is rather short but im trying to put in a few filler parts before i do more plot things

also i sprained my wrist yesterday so that may or may not affect my writing schedule,
sorry bout that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- BENCH TRIO -

TOMMY: TUBBO I NEED HELP

Tubbo: why?

TOMMY: I HAVE A GROUP ASSIGNMENT IN MATH

Tubbo: ok...?

TOMMY: AND IM PARTNERED WITH RANBOOB

Tubbo: oh Boo im so sorry

Ranboo: thanks that means a lot

TOMMY: WHAT

TOMMY: WHAT AB ME

Tubbo: what ab u?

TOMMY: I CANT BELIEVE THIS

TOMMY: IM TELLING DAD

Ranboo: dad?

Tubbo: he means Phil

- The Social Experiment -

TOMMY: PHILZA MINECRAFT

Philza: i thought i said dont call me that

TOMMY: PHILZA TUBBO AND RANBOOB R BULLYING ME

Philza: i dont care

Wilbur: dont u have class Tommy

TOMMY: FUCK U WILBUR

TOMMY: THIS IS WHY THAT GIRL LEFT U

Wilbur: wha-

TOMMY: JARED >>>>>>> WILBUR

Wilbur: uh-

Wilbur: FUCK U TOMMY

Wilbur: AND FUCK JARED TOO

TOMMY: I DONT THINK HE WANTS TO FUCK U WILL HES TOO BUSY FUCKING UR
EX

***Wilbur** is offline*

Philza: jesus christ Tommy

Dream: that wasnt very nice Thomathy

TOMMY: THATS NOT MY NAME

Dream: is now

TOMMY: IM STARTING TO SEE WHY GEORGE HATES U

George: lol

Dream: wha- ur not even gonna defend me?

George: no

Dream: :'(

Sapnap: heart been broke so many times-

Chapter End Notes

heart been broke so many times-

Minx: EYYYYYY MAMAS IM WINNING AT LIFE

Chapter Summary

Minx: EYYYYYYYYY MAMAS IM WINNING AT LIFE

Puffy: *we

Minx: WE

Niki: yay! :D

Chapter Notes

Someone requested Minx/Niki/Cara content and im literally brain dead so- ya
thats all this is
sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Niki POV

"Hey Niki?"

Niki turned, looking up from her locker to the girl behind her. Minx was in a few of Niki's classes, and they had been eating lunch together with the other sophomores since Wilbur had started the group chat. She had always come off as sure of herself and slightly cocky, though to Niki, Minx had only ever been sweet and helpful.

"What's up?" Niki asked, smiling warmly.

Minx fidgeted, her hands clasped tightly together in front of her. She opened her mouth before closing it again, as though she didn't know what to say. Suddenly, Cara slid up behind her, throwing an arm around Minx's shoulder. She smiled brightly at Niki, and Niki noticed that Minx's

face had slowly started reddening.

"Hey Niki! Has Minx told you anything?"

Niki shook her head, confused. "No?"

Cara frowned at Minx, who frowned back. "I hadn't gotten there yet!" She whispered, her face going, if possible, even redder.

"You want me to do it?"

Minx glared at Cara before nodding, letting out a sigh. "Yes please."

Niki was thoroughly confused now. "Do what?"

Cara smiled at Niki, ignoring Minx, who had shoved the others arm off of her shoulders, standing up as tall as she could. "We were wondering if you want to go on a picnic with us. Like- a date. The three of us."

Niki blinked. Oh. *Oh*. Then she felt her face break into a bright smile. A bubble of warmth filled her chest. "Of course!"

Minx's eyes went wide, then she beamed, throwing her arms around Niki's shoulders and pulling her into a hug. Cara laughed before joining in on the hug. Niki smiled, pressing her face into Minx's shoulder. This was nice.

- The Social Experiment -

Minx: EYYYYYYYY MAMAS IM WINNING AT LIFE

Puffy: *we

Minx: WE

Niki: yay! :D

Fundy: what happened?

Minx: im going on a date with the loves of my life

Puffy: yup

Niki: <3

Wilbur: good for u guys

Fundy: ya congrats!

Karl: I JUST HAD THE BEST IDEA

Minx: DOUBLE DATE

Karl: DOUBLE DATE

Sapnap: ?

Puffy: with all six of us?

Karl: YA

Quackity: IM SO DOWN

Minx: LETS PLAN IT

- *THAT GAY SHIT* -

Minx: planplanplanplanplan

Quackity: planplanplanplanplan

Puffy: yaaaa

Sapnap: yaaaaa

Karl: :D

Niki: <3

Chapter End Notes

plot will happen soon i promise

for now have this

Dates

Chapter Summary

Just six lovesick idiots. on a double date. to an ice rink. what could go wrong (nothing goes wrong, its just rlly cute)

I wonder what Dream and George will do while their friends are busy?

Chapter Notes

i think im gonna make this the last filler chapter before a bit of an arc happens. enjoy some fluff :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Niki POV

Niki was sitting in the passenger seat of Cara's car, laughing as Alex, Karl, and Minx screamed the words to some random song on the radio. Nick looked mildly concerned, though Niki could tell he was also amused by the group's antics. Minx paused in her off key rendition of the song to gasp for air, smiling brightly at Niki. Niki smiled back, feeling warm inside.

"Here we are!" Cara said brightly, pulling up in front of the local ice rink. She found a parking spot and the six of them hopped out, making their way inside.

"Welcome! Would you like to rent some skates?" The man behind the counter said, smiling warmly at the group. Cara smiled back, nodding a yes. Everyone chipped in, paying for their own rentals, and after they all received their skates, the six of them walked into the rink.

It was surprisingly empty for a Saturday, but Niki was glad. it meant that there was more room for them to mess around. Karl and Alex rushed to get their skates on, walking onto the ice as soon as they could and promptly falling. Nick laughed at them before stepping onto the ice himself, carefully skating over to his boyfriends to help them stand. Minx smiled at the three of them before

turning to Niki, offering a hand to help her get to her feet. "Shall we go?"

Niki smiled, taking her outstretched hand and standing. Then Niki intertwined her other arm with Cara's, pulling her after them onto the ice. Minx wobbled for a few minutes, clutching tightly onto Niki's hand for support. Niki smiled at her, giving her small pointers on her skating. Cara, who happened to be pretty good, did a few laps around the rink before skating in small circles around Niki and Minx. Minx frowned at her, still moving cautiously. "How do you do that?"

Cara smiled mischievously. "Want me to show you?"

Before Minx could say anything, Cara reached out, grabbing her hands. Minx tried to protest, but Cara pulled her forward, laughing at the grumbled curses coming from Minx. Niki smiled after them, slowing her pace to glide along the edge of rink, her fingers grazing the wall as she went by. Laughter filtered to her from behind, sounding like Karl. Niki turned, watching with a smile as Karl tried to get Alex to do a turn, to Nick's dismay. Behind them, Minx seemed to have gotten the hang of ice skating, gliding behind Cara, their hands still clasped together. The whole scene was so funny and sweet. Niki was again struck by how glad she was that Wilbur had created the group chat. It had brought her closer to so many people, and Niki was starting to think she may have even found love through it.

Niki was pulled from her thoughts by Minx's voice. "Come on slowpoke, join us!" Niki smiled at Minx and Cara before grabbing their hands, letting herself be pulled around the rink. It was the best date she had ever been on.

George POV

George was bored.

Karl was busy, and so was Alex and Nick, leaving George with nothing to do but stare blankly at his computer, wondering what to do with himself. A month ago, George would've laughed at the idea of needing social interaction, but ever since Wilbur had created that group chat, George had found himself being pulled farther and farther out of his shell, slowly becoming more comfortable in large groups. The downside of this was that, once he was alone again, he didn't know what to do to keep himself entertained. Curse Wilbur and his stupid group chat.

The buzzing of his phone pulled George out of his thoughts. Glancing down at the screen, he saw that it was from Clay. Sighing, George answered, putting the phone on speaker and setting it down

on his desk. "What's up?"

"Geooooooooorge I'm boooooooooored."

George rolled his eyes, but he felt a small smile tug at his lips. Ever since the incident with Schlatt, George had started cutting Clay some slack, talking with him more and even agreeing to eat with him and the group at lunch again. It was strange, but it seemed like Clay and George were actually becoming a strange sort of friends.

"That sounds like a you problem, Dream."

George heard Clay scoff through the phone before they settled into a comfortable silence. Then Clay spoke again. "Do you wanna play Minecraft?"

George smirked, already pulling the game up on his computer. "I thought you'd never ask, Dreamie."

Chapter End Notes

this is short and there arent any chat parts, but it was fun to make. the next chapter will be IMPORTANT PLOT THINGS i promise

Techno: I may know a place...

Chapter Summary

Karl: do yall have plans for winter break?

Quackity: no, why

Karl: i had an idea but im too poor to pull it off by myself

Technoblade: that sounds like a you problem

Chapter Notes

plot question mark?

hehehe

plot

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl: do yall have plans for winter break?

Quackity: no why

Karl: i had an idea but im too poor to pull it off by myself

Technoblade: that sounds like a you problem

Karl: rude but anyway-

Karl: what if we all rented a house on the beach and stayed there for winter break

Sapnap: all of us?

Karl: well like anyone who can make it

Niki: sounds fun! but how would we find a house?

Philza: @Technoblade

Quackity: ?

Technoblade: ...

Technoblade: i may know a place...

Karl: oh?

TOMMY: OH YA TECHNO IS RICH

Sapnap: WHAT

Karl: WHAT

Quackity: WHAT

Philza: did- did u guys not know?

Quackity: NO?????

Philza: have you not seen how he dresses?

Sapnap: ...

Sapnap: in hindsight, we shouldve seen this coming

Karl: anyways back on track- who can come?

TOMMY: ME

Tubbo: ME

Wilbur: me but i dont want to be around the children

Niki: me!

Minx: me

Cara: me

Ranboo: i can

Fundy: i think so

Sapnap: ofc

Quackity: hell ya

Dream: i can

Bad: Skeppy and I already had plans sorry guys

,

Skeppy: :(sorry

Karl: ur good! hope u guys gave fun

George: idk...

Karl: come oooooooooon

Dream: pleeeeeeeeeeease?

George: ...

George: fine

Dream: YES

Sapnap: George did u just say yes to Dream??

George: no i said yes to Karl

Dream: sure, sure

George: i- im not even arguing with u today, im leaving

Dream: call?

George: ...

George: fucking fine

Sapnap: i sense simpness

Karl: ^^

Quackity: ^^^^^^^

Wilbur: alright now everyone shut up and go to sleep, it's 3 in the morning

Chapter End Notes

kinda short but more comin soon, i promise

that is all

Quackity: where tf is this place

Chapter Summary

Karl: hehe Quackity Sap and I are lost

Technoblade: literally how

Technoblade: i gave u the address

Karl: that doesnt change the fact that we are l o s t

Chapter Notes

no notes

idk what to say

Karl: hehe Quack Sap and I are lost

Technoblade: literally how

Technoblade: i gave u the address

Karl: doesnt change the fact that we're l o s t

Wilbur: the sleepy bois r already here

Quackity: the who?

Wilbur: sleep bois? me, Tommy, Techno, Phil?

Tubbo: im here too!

Wilbur: + Tubbo

Quackity: ah

Karl: anyways-

Dream: where r u guys we can come find u

Quackity: we?

Dream: ...

Quackity: i thought u were driving by urself Dream

Dream: i am

Sapnap: hmmmmm

Dream: i AM

George: stop texting and driving we're gonna crash

Sapnap: we???

Quackity: OH?

Dream: i-

Sapnap: George George George is he blushing

George: omg hes red as fuck

Dream: fuck u George

George: not while in a car u dick

Dream: ...

Dream is offline

Sapnap: what-

Quackity: what is happening?

Karl: guys we're still lost

Niki: send ur location, Minx Cara and I will find u

Karl: thanks

Sapnap: so we're just not talking ab what happened w/ Dream?

George: hes gonna kill u

Sapnap: wha- WHAT DID I DO

George: idk but start running

Karl: cant, still lost

Beach House Bitches

Chapter Summary

in which the gang settles in
mild chaos ensues
aka i love the shared room/one bed trope, sue me

Chapter Notes

we have reached 69 bookmarks on this fic
it is a wonderful day for the Kat_Needs_Sleep community

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George's POV

Techno's house, it seemed, was a beach house. A honest to god, rich white person, Floridan beach house. George stared up at the building, his mouth open in awe. The house was three stories tall at least, and Techno had said that it had enough bedrooms for all of them. Though he had said that with a barely concealed evil grin, which did not bode well for George.

"What the actual fuck."

George turned to see Clay wearing a similar expression of awe and despite himself, George snickered. Clay glared at him, his face going a little red with embarrassment.

"What?"

"Shouldn't you be used to this by now? You live in Florida."

"So do you!"

"Ya but I only moved here a few years ago before our freshmen year. I'm allowed to not be used to it."

Clay frowned, opening his mouth to argue, when the honking of a car's horn got the pair's attention. Turning, they saw three cars pulling into the large drive way, looking like they were in line for a parade. The first one parked and Phil got out of the driver's seat, looking exhausted. Techno got out of the passenger's side door, and Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo tumbled out of the back, the blonde cursing and the older brunet trying to shove him off.

"Jeez you guys, we haven't even been here for a minute!" Nick's voice came from the third car, and George turned to see him, Karl, and Quackity walking over, smiling brightly. A few moments later, Niki, Cara, and Minx piled out of the second car, laughing at each other and talking loudly.

"Everyone get your stuff," Techno said, turning and making his way up the front steps of the mini mansion beach house.

"Ya!" Clay said excitedly, turning to pop the trunk of his car. George gave him a confused frown and Clay elaborated. "The sooner we get settled in, the sooner we can go to the beach!"

The word 'beach' got a whoop from the gang, and everyone started hurrying to carry their stuff inside. George trailed after them, lugging his bag. He wasn't really one for the beach, so it was strange to see everyone around him excited for it.

"What, not a beach person?"

George nearly jumped out of his skin as Clay's voice came from right next to his ear. He turned, glaring at the blond, who had started snickering. George punched him in the arm. "Don't do that! And if you must know, no. I don't like it very much."

"Why not?"

George started walking towards the door, carrying his bag. "I don't know, just- not my thing."

Clay hummed, following him up the front steps and through the door into the house. The group

seemed to have split up, heading off towards their separate rooms. Only Phil and Techno remained, unpacking the food they had brought with them into the fridge. Phil noticed them walk in and turned, gesturing towards a set of stairs.

"Everyone is upstairs dividing up rooms. You might wanna get up there, or you'll get stuck in the attic. Clay glanced at George before nodding, heading up the steps to the second floor.

What greeted them on floor two was utter chaos. Tommy was shooting Wilbur with a nerf gun (where the fuck had he gotten a nerf gun?) and Wilbur was cussing him out. Tubbo was watching on with a bored expression, and Ranboo was hovering over his shoulder, looking slightly anxious. When had Ranboo gotten here? Really, sometimes it was like the kid could teleport, there one minute, gone the next.

"TOMMY FUCKING INNIT I WILL END YOUR FUCKING BLOODLINE!"

"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WANTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE WILBUR, CAUSE WE'RE LIKE BROTHERS!"

"DON'T SAY THAT I WILL CRY!"

Finally, Tubbo intervened in the argument, getting between the two teenagers and shoving Tommy bodily through one of the bedroom doors. Ranboo squeezed in after him, and Tubbo stuck his head out, looking apologetic.

"I think the three of us will bunk in here, thanks." Then he shut the door, clicking the lock. A moment later, the sound of yelling came from behind it, sounding like Tommy ranting at Tubbo and Tubbo chewing him out.

"Sooo anyways," Karl said, peaking his head out of another doorway, "Me, Alex, and Nick are gonna share this room. The girls took that one across the hall and Will, I'm assuming you're bunking with Phil and Techno?"

Wilbur nodded, shuffling off to the second set of stairs and making his way up. Karl watched him go before turning to George and Clay. "Right. That leaves the room at the end of the hall for you two. Enjoy! And try not to be too loud, I would like to sleep on this trip."

Before either George or Clay could protest, Karl smiled and shut the door in their faces, effectively shutting them out. George was left staring at the shut door, feeling his face go slowly red. Clay cleared his throat, gesturing towards the only open door left in the long hall. "Shall we?"

George nodded mutely, following the blond into the room. And that was when he knew, this trip had been a mistake. In the middle of the room sat one large queen bed. George stared at it, wondering if it was possible to turn even more red.

"Uh-" Clay started, clearing his throat before trying again. "I can sleep on the ground if you want."

"Oh," George said. Why did that idea sound less appealing to him? Before he could process the words coming out of his mouth, George said, "I don't mind sharing."

"Really?" George mentally slapped himself. What was he thinking, of course Clay wouldn't want to share the bed with him, that was weird and not something you normally did with your friends and- "Alright, I'm cool with it then."

George just nodded, walking over to one of the two dressers in the room and dropping his suit case next to it. He heard Clay shuffling around on the other side of the room, and then he was there, standing next to George with a mischievous smile on his face. George scooted a little away, his already red face going even redder.

"You wanna go to the beach with me Georgie?"

George frowned. "i already told you, I don't like the beach."

Clay just smiled, turning and walking away to shuffle through his suitcase. When he found his swim suit, the blond walked over to the attached bathroom and closed the door. Resigned to the inevitable, George sighed, going through his own clothes to find his swim suit. Why did it have to be a beach trip?

Chapter End Notes

today i give u: flustered gays

tomorrow: who knows?

The Beach

Chapter Summary

The moment everything goes wrong
for a bit at least ;)

Chapter Notes

im fucking pissed

i had to rewrite this chapter three fucking times cause my computer kept crashing and deleting the whole thing, so if this seems rushed or short, thats why

also this was kinda requested by a fan (@Mabeirol) so heres Techno protecting lesbians, also known as me directly ripping off the plot of that one episode of Ouran High School Host Club

- IRL -

George POV

The beach had been a mistake.

George regretted going the moment he stepped out onto the sand and saw Clay. Clay, in his swimsuit, smiling with his friends. Clay, bare chested, his whole body glowing in the sun. George swallowed hard, making himself look away. Everyone else had decided to come with them, and they were all doing various things. Wilbur was chasing Tommy around after the blonde had smacked him on the back of the head, yelled “WILBALD!” and sprinted away. The girls had decided to skip the ocean in favor of a rock cliff that hung out over the water. Techno had wanted to go for a walk, but with no one to go with him, he was stuck sitting and reading a book. Karl, Alex, Nick, and Clay had made a beeline for the water, splashing each other and laughing.

“Not a beach fan?”

George looked quickly at Techno, who's eyes hadn't left his book. The brunet shrugged. "Not really."

Techno, still not looking up, hummed. "Is it the water? The sand?" The he gave George a knowing look. "Or is it the hot blond football players?"

George sputtered, feeling his face go bright red. Techno smirked before turning back to his book. "I'd say you have a pretty good chance with that one. Don't waste it."

George was about to respond when he noticed Clay walking towards him. Clay's skin was tan from the Florida sun, and his hair was a mess, water dripping into his eyes. George's face went even redder.

"Are you coming in with us?"

George sputtered, unable to think of how to respond, when Techno saved him farther embarrassment by standing, setting his book down in his chair. "Actually, George was just about to go on a walk with me. Maybe next time."

George nodded dumbly, giving Clay a small wave before hurrying after Techno up the beach.

"Thank you," George said. The pink haired man gave him a wry smile.

"I'm not really one for emotions, but I can be helpful when I need to be."

George was about to respond when a scream cut him off. It was coming from the directions of the rock cliff. From where the girls were. And it sounded like Niki.

Niki POV

Niki had thought the rock cliff would be fun. She had been wrong.

“Hey there ladies,” a drunk voice drawled, causing the girls to turn. Four large and very wasted men were standing behind them, blocking their way off the rocks. The man in front stepped forwards, and Minx did the same, holding out a protective arm in front of Niki and Cara.

“We’re not interested.”

The man sneered, grabbing Minx’s outstretched arm and pulling her closer to him. She spat in his face. The man’s sneer melted, and he snarled, raising his free hand and smacking Minx across the face. Minx fell to the ground, holding her cheek. Niki screamed in anger, trying to run forwards, but Cara grabbed her hand, pulling the girl behind her.

“I’d leave them alone if I were you.”

The men froze, turning to face the new voices behind them. Techno and George stood there, arms crossed. George looked furious and Techno wore an expression of calm boredom. The first man snarled, stepping forward and jabbing a finger into Techno’s chest.

“You’re not welcome here.”

Techno looked the man in the face, disgust clear in his eyes. He smacked the man’s hand away, and the guy’s nostrils flared. He threw a punch at Techno, but the pink haired man dodged easily, pushing the man past him. Then all hell broke loose. The remaining men charged at Techno, yelling and cursing. In the chaos, George managed to slip past, running to Minx and helping her to her feet.

“You guys need to go. Run and get help.”

Niki didn’t want to leave her friends all alone, but she nodded, grabbing Cara’s and Minx’s hands and pulling them past the fighting men and down the rocks. They sprinted across the beach, heading for the figures of Clay and the others in the water. As they drew closer, Clay turned, having heard them approach. The smile on his face fell as he took in their expressions.

“What happened?”

“Techno and George need help. Up on the cliff.”

Niki didn't get out another word before Clay was off, running towards the rocks with Alex and Nick hot on his heels. Karl came closer, seeing the bruise growing on Minx's face.

"How about we get you inside, ya?" Minx nodded, and the four of them headed for the house. Niki couldn't help glancing over her shoulder though, watching the distant shape of the rock cliff. She really hoped her friends would be ok.

George POV

George was not ok.

George was being dangled over the side of a cliff, the only thing keeping him from falling being a very drunk man with serious issues. The man had a fist in George's shirt, and his smile looked slightly unhinged.

"I wonder how far the fall from here is? Twenty feet? Thirty?"

A yell came from behind him, and George craned his neck to see over the man's shoulder. That sounded like Clay. Three men were running up the cliff, Alex and Nick stopping to help Techno. Clay kept running however, his eyes fixed on George. Frantically, George reached out towards Clay, begging the universe. *Don't let me fall. Please.*

The universe really hated him today. The man holding George had noticed Clay's approach, and, without a second glance, he let go, watching as George fell into open space. George's eyes widened as he fell. The fall seemed a lot longer than he had thought it would be. Distantly, George heard someone yell his name. But then his head hit the water, and everything went dark.

Clay didn't even hesitate before jumping. He sailed through the air, shutting his eyes tight as he broke through the surface of the water. The rush of cold was a jolt to his system, and Clay felt adrenaline pumping through his veins as he started swimming, moving towards the shape of George, sinking in the water.

As he got closer, Clay could make out the almost peaceful expression on George's face. With his

eyes closed and his hair floating around his face, George looked almost ethereal. Carefully, Clay scooped him up, heading towards the surface.

As he neared the shore, Clay heard a small gasp. He looked down and saw that George's eyes had flown open. Carefully, Clay set him on his feet, keeping one arm wrapped around his waist for support.

"Are you ok?" He asked softly. George nodded, shuddering slightly. As they reached the beach, Clay saw the figures of their friends running towards them from the cliff. He was still watching them when George threw his arms around Clay's neck, pulling him into a tight hug. Clay froze before melting into the embrace, wrapping his arms around George's waist and holding him close.

"Thank you," George whispered. Clay shuddered at the sensation of George's breath on his skin, and he pulled away slightly, giving George a shaky smile.

"You can thank me by not doing that again."

George nodded, a small smile rising at the corners of his lips, before he turned, walking towards their friends. Clay followed, only half listening to the conversation, the thought of George's body pressed so closely up against his crowding his head.

"We thought you were a goner, Georgie!"

"I almost was."

"And Techno! I thought for sure you were gonna die there."

"You underestimate me. You see, Technoblade never dies."

What a strange group of friends Clay had.

The Phone Incident

Chapter Summary

just ur casual 'give it back' 'make me' thing
thats it

Chapter Notes

im sorry but this is my favorite thing i have ever made
at the same time i hate it and regret every decision i have made that has led me to this
moment
ur welcome but also im sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

Day 2 of the biggest mistake of George's life had been, so far, uneventful. Which, of course, meant that something had to happen. The thing today seemed to be Clay.

“Hey Georgie!”

George sighed, not looking up from where he sat on the couch, scrolling through his phone. He didn't even look up, not when he heard Clay's voice or his approaching footsteps. Then Clay was leaning over George's shoulder, trying to see what George was doing. The brunet jumped away, feeling his face heat up.

“What do you want?” George asked, managing to make his voice sound monotone. Clay shrugged.

“I'm bored.”

George rolled his eyes, resuming his scrolling. "That sounds like a you problem."

"But Geeeeeeorge," Clay whined, resting his chin on the armrest of the couch and giving George puppy dog eyes. "I want to do something with you."

"No."

Suddenly, Clay was on his feet, snatching George's phone out of the man's hand. George protested, pushing himself up from the couch and reaching for his phone. Clay just held it up over his head, far out of George's reach. George glared at him.

"Give it back."

Clay grinned, his eyes twinkling with mischief. George hated that look. "Make me."

George reached up, even though he knew it was useless, and Clay laughed lightly at him. This only made George glare harder. "Clay. Give it back or I swear to god-"

"What will you do for me if I give it back?"

George frowned. "Nothing. Give it back."

"I'll give it back if you give me a kiss."

George's face went red, but he managed to keep his expression angry. "No. Give. It. Back."

Clay's smile turned coy. "Make me, pretty boy."

A terrible idea hit George. The worst idea he had ever had, in fact. But he had nothing else. Letting out a breath, he stepped forwards, closing the already small space between them. He reached up, cupping Clay's cheek with one hand and titling the blond's head down towards him. George saw

Clay's eyes go wide, and he swore he saw a blush grow on the other man's cheeks.

George pulled him closer until their lips were almost brushing. He could feel Clay's breath hitch, feel the hot air on his face. Then he saw it. The moment Clay's arm lowered, his grip on George's phone loosening ever so slightly. George reached up with one hand, his other still holding Clay in place, and snatched his phone out of the blond's hand.

George quickly took a step backward, needing to get away from Clay as fast as possible. If he didn't he knew something bad would happen. Something he would probably regret. Managing a smirk, George turned, waving his phone in the air as he walked away.

"Better luck next time, Dreamie."

He walked away, leaving Clay staring after him, flustered and utterly confused.

- The New Social Experiment -

Sapnap: *<image of George and Clay>*

Sapnap: right in the middle of the living room? really?

Quackity: IS THIS REAL

Quackity: THERES NO WAY THIS IS REAL

George: WE DIDNT KISS FUCK OFF

Dream: r u sure ab that?

Quackity: oh?

George: Clay

Sapnap: oh he mad

Quackity: better run man

Dream: yup

Dream is offline

Philza: why did i just hear a loud thump from upstairs

Philza: ah

Philza: nevermind

Sapnap: rip Dream 2021

Quackity: he lived a good life

Karl: he will be missed

TOMMY: o7

Dream: wtf im not dead

George: u will be soon

Dream: FUCK HES CHASING ME HELP MEWSLWNRVWRRW

Dream is offline

George: Dream will be back later

Sapnap: o7

Karl: o7

Quackity: o7

Chapter End Notes

o7's in the chat for our fallen comrade

no but seriously pls leave comments i love reading them

also im working on a dnf/karnapity spy/superpowered fic that already has three chapters out, i highly recommend u read it (and not just bc i wrote it, its actually good i promise)

anways, bye!

Tommyinnit's Guide to Surviving Wilbur Soot and Other Things

Chapter Summary

its just tommy

ya

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommyinnit's Guide to Surviving Wilbur Soot (and other things)

1. Find Hiding Places

If you are planning on smacking a Wilbur Soot in the face, the back of the head, or any other place, have a hiding spot planned out first. Otherwise, the Wilbur in question will chase you down and probably kill you in a very unheroic way.

Good hiding spots include:

- behind couches
- under tables
- in closets
- behind Techno

Note: Hiding behind Techno is effective, but do not hide behind a Philza Minecraft. He will not protect you in the slightest, which is not very pog of him.

2. Pretend it was an Accident

If the Wilbur Soot in question doesn't see who or what hit him, pass it off as an accident. This strategy isn't 100% effective, but it works on occasion.

Note: dropping an ice cube down a Wilbur's shirt can not be passed off as an accident. It will only end in bloodshed. Try option 1 if you're planning on dropping ice cubes down a Wilbur's shirt.

Other Things to survive and how:

3. An Angry Tubbo

This one is fairly simple. Don't anger the Tubbo, no angry Tubbo. If you do happen to anger the Tubbo however, running and hiding is effective. Begging for your life is not. It will get you thrown out a window.

Note: don't get thrown out of windows. It hurts.

4. Ranboobs

Avoiding a wild Ranboob is quite easy. If you see one, turn and walk the other way. If you have to engage in conversation with one, pretend to be deaf or unable to speak.

Note: this strategy is ineffective if the Ranboob in question already knows you can hear/talk. In this case, pretend you're sick and run the other way. The Ranboob may or may not follow you.

5. Gogy and Dream

It's very hard to avoid the sexual tension between those two, but a good way to survive it is to start screaming whenever they get too flirty. If this strategy fails, slap a Wilbur. This will get you killed.

It may be painful, but it will be less so than having to watch the two idiots simp from a distance.

Note: don't mention simping to Gogy, he will murder you. Believe me, i tried. And i am now dead.

6. Disappointed Philza

This may not seem scary, but it is almost worse than being thrown out a window. The only way to avoid this is to do nothing wrong ever. Though if you are in trouble with Mr. Minecraft, you probably deserve it, because Philza Minecraft is a god among men and the most perfect person to ever walk this earth.

Note: The most perfect person to ever walk this earth other than the queen. Hmu Lizzie ;)

If you have made it through this list without dying, congratulations! You have followed Tommyinnit's guide well. Now go out and use your newfound skills to wreak havoc. And don't forget to be pog.

Chapter End Notes

sorry this is short, but idk what to make happen next for a bit and i wanted a filler

also i love tommy

Clay: can i talk to u?

Chapter Summary

Message from Clay to Nick

Clay: can i talk to u?

Nick: ya whats up

Nick: its like 3 in the morning

Clay: its about George

Chapter Notes

idk what this is

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Message from **Clay** to **Nick***

Clay: hey can i talk to u?

Nick: ya whats up

Nick: its like 3 in the morning

Clay: ...

Clay: its about George

Nick: ok...?

Nick: did something happen? did u fight or something?

Clay: no...

Clay: Nick

Clay: i think i like him

Clay: like- as more than a friend

Nick: ok

Nick: do u think or do u know?

Clay: i know

Nick: alright. so what are u gonna do about it?

Clay: i cant tell him

Nick: why not?

Clay: bc he doesnt feel the same way

Clay: and i dont want to ruin our friendship

Nick: dude

Nick: r u fucking blind?

Clay: what?

Nick: oh ur dumb

Nick: dude- he clearly likes u

Clay: but-

Nick: ok we'll deal with this tomorrow

Nick: u dont believe me, but ive got a plan to prove it to u

Clay: ok... what is it

Nick: ill tell u tomorrow

Nick: rn go to sleep

Nick: its 3 am

Clay: ok

Clay is offline

*Message from **George** to **Nick***

George: i have a problem

Nick: oh my god im surrounded by idiots

Chapter End Notes

its kinda short but its setting up later events uwu

just a reminder, i have another fic out thats dnf/karlnapity and spies with superpowers. its a pretty decent length rn and im ab to write an important plot chapter that should be out today or tomorrow, so u should read it

also i love reading comments, pls leave more comments. even if they're dumb, they always make me feel more connected w/ u guys :)

The Mistletoe Incident (pt 1)

Chapter Summary

gay

Chapter Notes

brrrrrrrrrrr

- IRL -

George POV

George should really start making a list of things he was going to regret in the future.

It wasn't a very long list, but it was growing at a rapid rate. And to no one's surprise but George's, almost everything had something to do with Clay. Like today for example.

George woke up slowly like he did every day. But something was off this morning. George's head was resting on something not quite soft enough to be his pillow, and it felt like there was something heavy draped over his waist. George opened his eyes slowly, blinking sunlight out of his eyes and lifting his head up to look around. His stomach dropped. George had been asleep on Clay. The heavy weight around his waist was Clay's arms, which were wrapped loosely around George.

Clay was sleeping peacefully, his breathing deep and even. His face was calm and peaceful, free of a smirk. George couldn't pull his eyes away from the blond's face. He looked even more handsome than usual.

"Mm morning."

George snapped back to reality to see Clay blinking sleepily at him, a slow smirk spreading across

his face. George felt his face flush and he tried to scowl, slipping out of Clay's arms. Clay laughed lightly at him as George got up, heading to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

"Aww Georgie, come back!"

George ignored him, slamming the door to the bathroom a little too loudly.

.....

"Geoooooorge you left meeeee."

George sighed as Clay walked into the kitchen, pouting. He was wearing sweats and a t-shirt, but somehow he still managed to make it look hot. Dammit. George was in too deep.

"Well too bad," George managed, pulling his gaze away from Clay to focus on his very interesting cup of coffee. Because of this, he missed the small, genuine smile that flashed across Clay's face.

"Well you'll just have to cuddle with me tonight too," Clay said, grinning.

"Who's cuddling who?" George glanced up to see Nick walk into the kitchen, his hair a tousled mess. Somehow, his bandana was still perfectly in place.

"No one," George grumbled, cutting Clay off before he could say anything stupid. Nick looked at him suspiciously before shrugging, filling up a mug with coffee and turning to leave.

"Whatever. I'm going to the store later, so me, Alex, and Karl will be gone for a bit."

George waved him off, his mind going back to the conversation he'd had with Nick the night before. He had woken up at 4 in the morning to the sudden realization that he liked Clay. He had instantly reached for his phone, pulling up Nick's contact before he could think and sending him a quick message. Nick had seemed annoyed at first, but he had talked George through his feelings, helping him realize a few very important things. None of which he liked. Nope, he was definitely

not happy about accidentally falling for a jock. That was such a stupid cliché.

“Do you have any plans today?” Clay asked. George jumped, so caught up in his thoughts that he hadn’t realized Clay had sat down next to him. George cleared his throat quickly, glancing away.

“Not really. I was gonna go for a run then maybe go down to the beach.”

Clay gave him a devilish grin. “You want me to come with you?”

“No.”

Clay pouted, resting his head on the table. “Alright.” Then he stood up, stretching his arms over his head and yawning. “I’ll see you later then.”

.....

George had been chilling in the living room when Nick got home from the store. He became aware of this fact when the front door banged open and Alex came sprinting in, a box of eggs held high over his head.

“WHO WOULD DARE DO THIS TO THE DUCKS?!”

Karl walked in after him, groaning.

“Alex, they’re not even duck eggs.”

George heard Nick’s laugh before he saw the guy, walking through the door with two bags of groceries in his hands. He set them down on the counter and turned to George, gesturing him over.

“Come help me unpack! These two aren’t gonna be of much use.”

Alex gasped, clutching at his chest and falling dramatically to the ground. The eggs slipped from his grip and Karl jumped forwards, snatching them out of the air before they could hit the ground. George sighed at them before walking over to help.

They were almost done unpacking when George found something strange in the bottom of one of the bags. It looked like the branch of a plant, small red berries clustered on it.

“Uh, Nick? What’s this?”

Nick looked up, noticed the object in George’s hand and grinning. “That, my friend, is mistletoe. Thought we could hang it up somewhere random, maybe have some fun.”

George’s face flushed and he glared at Nick. Nick just winked. Suddenly, the mistletoe was snatched out of George’s hand, and when the Brit turned, he came face to face with Clay. The blond was grinning, holding the mistletoe just between their heads.

“Wanna have fun with *me* Georgie?”

George’s face flushed and his eyes went wide. Clay’s smile widened and he leaned closer, making the already small gap between them even smaller. It took all of George’s energy to push Clay away, glowering through his blush.

“No. Fuck off.”

Clay laughed brightly as George walked away. The sound followed after him as George went up the stairs, bouncing around in his head. That laugh would probably haunt him for the rest of his life. George sighed. Well, there was another thing to add to the list.

Christmas Eve Eve Eve Eve

Chapter Summary

content

Chapter Notes

no notes just pain

if youve been following lore... ya

im a wilbur apologist and im in p a i n

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Wilbur POV

“YOoooooooooooo BITCHES IS CHRISTMAS EVE EVE EVE EVE!!!!!!!”

Wilbur groaned, letting his head fall into the couch pillow. It was too early for Tommy to have this much energy. But somehow, this was Will’s life.

“I don’t fucking care, just shut up,” Will grumbled into the pillow. He yelled as something heavy fell on him. Then he yelled as he was pushed off the couch. “What the fuck Tommy?”

Tommy frowned down at Wilbur from his new perch on the couch. “I was waking you up. We have big plans today! Big plans, big plans!”

“Yaaaa, big plans pog!”

Oh no. The children were multiplying. Wilbur sighed, getting to his feet to see the rest of their gang walking into the living room. Tubbo had his arms raised in victory, having been the one speaking. Ranboo followed in after him, giving Wilbur an apologetic smile. Phil and Techno followed, looking tired but still in a better mood than Will was. Techno gave a half hearted fist pump.

“Whoo pog.”

Wilbur was tempted to smack Techno. Phil gave him a look.

Wilbur decided not to smack Techno.

“What are your ‘big plans’ Tommy?”

The moment he asked, Wilbur regretted it. Tommy’s face broke out in an evil grin. He placed his fists on his hips and stood up as tall as he could.

“Today, we’re going to go shopping!”

Wilbur blinked.

“Why?”

Tommy seemed to deflate slightly, frowning at Will. “Because I want to! And Phil said it was a good idea.”

Wilbur stared at Phil, full of betrayal. “You agreed with the *child*?”

Tommy’s mouth fell open and he gasped. “I AM NOT A CHILD!”

Wilbur saw his opening to antagonize Tommy. He took it. “YOU’RE THE SMALLEST CHILD I HAVE EVER SEEN TOMMY FUCKING INNIT!”

“I AM THE BIGGEST MAN TO EVER LIVE SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

“YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

“BOTH OF YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

Wilbur stopped with his mouth open, turning slowly to face Phil. Oh shit. That was a mistake. The look Phil was giving him filled Will with pure terror. That look could melt ice caps. That look could disintegrate a lesser man to dust.

“Stop. Fighting. Now.”

Techno made a small ‘ooooh’ and Phil glanced at him. Techno shut up quickly. Phil turned to Tommy, glaring at him.

“We’re gonna go shopping. And you are going to behave. Or we’re coming right back, and you’ll be grounded for the rest of the trip.”

Tommy swallowed, nodding quickly. Phil turned back to Wilbur. “And you.”

“I’ll go get ready,” Wilbur said quickly, walking out of the room. Phil was scary sometimes.

Tommy POV

This was so pog.

"WILBUR LETS GO GET ICE CREAM!"

Tommy watched as Wilbur's face contorted with anger. But then Phil gave him 'the look' and he sighed. "Fine you little shit, what do you want."

"Oh oh! Can I get some too?" Wilbur let out another sigh as Tubbo hopped up and down next to

him, smiling brightly. Ranboo raised his hand.

"Yes?"

"Um, I would like some ice cream too."

Wilbur looked pleadingly at Phil. Phil looked back, face indifferent. Wilbur sighed. (Tommy was starting to think that Wilbur had a sighing problem.)

"Fine! Let's go."

Tommy was very happy with his ice cream.

He was less happy about the fact that Tubbo and Ranboo had gotten a large milkshake. The milkshake wasn't the problem. The problem was that they were *sharing* it. Tommy was very tempted to sabotage them. In the end though, he decided not to. It definitely had nothing to do with the look Phil was giving him.

- The Social Experiment -

Wilbur: someone save me

George: where did u guys go?

Techno: out

Phil: we went 'shopping'

Tubbo: i got ice cream!

Ranboo: me too :)

TOMMY: no they got a milkshake

Quackity: 'a'?

TOMMY: they fucking SHARED

TOMMY: im comin for u Ranboob

Phil: Tommy

TOMMY: ah shit

TOMMY: gotta go

***TOMMY** is offline*

Dream: wait so what r we supposed to do all day?

Techno: figure it out

- THE FERAL BOIS -

Dream: yall wanna do something?

Karl: cant

Quackity: busy doin stuff

Dream: ok...?

Sapnap: im stuff

Dream: ah

George: wtf

Dream: hey George

George: no

Dream: u wanna do somethin with me

George: ...

George: fine

Chapter End Notes

does this count as content?

...

does now

Nick: get ur asses back here rn

Chapter Summary

have this

Chapter Notes

READ THE END NOTES FOR A KINDA IMPORTANT - THING! idk what to call it

this chapter is dedicated to the person who keeps leaving <3 comments on every chapter. pls marry me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

George sighed, dropping his phone into his lap. He was already regretting his decision to agree to whatever Clay was planning, but he couldn't bring himself to care enough to cancel it. He heard Clay moving around in their room upstairs, presumably getting ready for whatever hell he was planning on putting George through today.

"Hey George!" Clay said, finally walking downstairs. His smile was wide and bright, and George had to resist the strong urge to smile back.

"What do you wanna do?"

Clay paused, seeming to contemplate for a moment. Then his eyes sparked and his smile was back. George ~~loved~~-hated that look.

"Wanna go for a walk?"

Clay POV

Nick's idea for Clay, like most of his ideas, had only half worked. Sure, the mistletoe had made George blush, but that wasn't because of Clay. Right?

Whatever. It was pointless trying to figure out how George felt. No matter how much they fake flirted or bantered, George would always see Clay as a friend.

"Why the long face?"

Clay was snapped out of his depressing thoughts by George, who was peering at him curiously. The blond flushed slightly, looking out at the water. Anywhere but George's face. "Nothing. Just thinking."

George hummed, turning his attention to the sand under their feet. They had decided to walk along the beach (was that romantic? Clay really didn't know) and the sun was high in the sky, casting warm light on George's hair and skin. He kinda looked like he was glowing.

"You're staring," George said smoothly, smirking as Clay's face flushed.

"No I wasn't."

"Sure, sure."

Clay hastily tried to think of something to say that would change the subject, but George saved him from the embarrassment of blurting something out by pausing and looking towards the rock cliff. The same one he'd fallen off not even a week before.

"Can we go up there?"

Clay stared at him, confused. "You wanna go back up to the spot you almost died?"

George frowned, his eyebrows furrowing. His expression shouldn't have looked that cute. "I didn't almost die. And it was pretty up there. You know, when you're not being dropped off."

Clay sighed. George was stubborn, and he probably wouldn't budge from this, so Clay gave in, following him up the rocks to the top. All worried thoughts left Clay's head as they reached the edge, however.

"Wow."

The view was amazing. Clay could see all the way to the horizon line, and he could make out the point of the pier to their left, where Tommy and the rest had gone for the day. The sun was sparkling off the water, rippling with the small waves. The whole thing was rather dazzling.

"I never really got the chance to appreciate the view before," Clay murmured, eyes still fixed on the view. Then he turned, smirking at George. "You know, when I was busy saving your life."

George scowled and punched him in the arm, causing Clay to laugh. He sat down on the ground, letting his legs stretch out to the edge of the cliff. George sat down next to him, his ankles crossed and his hands out behind him, supporting his weight. The Brit's hair was moving gently in the breeze, blowing small strands into his face. Clay's fingers itched to reach out and brush the stray strands away.

"Why did you go after me?"

Clay jolted, caught off guard by George's words. He said them so evenly, so free of any serious emotion, as though he was trying to pass them off as normal. Clay paused before answering, not knowing quite what to say.

"I don't know. I kinda panicked. Niki and the others came running down the beach, and when they said you were in trouble--"

"Me and Techno."

"Right," Clay said hastily. "And Techno. I just panicked. I saw you go over the edge, and I didn't"

even think about what I was doing. I just knew that if you got hurt, if you died, I wouldn't know how to live."

Clay turned and saw that George was watching him, eyes wide and full of an emotion that Clay couldn't place. Carefully, George reached out, covering one of Clay's hands with his own.

"Thank you. For saving me."

Clay smiled, feeling his heart flutter. Even something as small as a thank you from George was enough to make him feel on top of the world.

"Don't mention it."

George's eyes were still fixed on Clay's face, and suddenly Clay forgot how to think. He felt himself leaning forwards slightly, and he saw George do the same, until they were less than an inch apart. George was watching him, his eyes half lidded, his mouth slightly open. Clay really wanted to kiss him.

Clay's phone went off.

He jolted back, feeling his face heat as he scrambled to pull his phone from his pocket. It was a text from Nick, telling them to come back for lunch. Clay cursed, and George laughed, carefully getting to his feet. The moment was broken. Whatever Clay had seen in the other man's eyes was gone, replaced by humor and slight embarrassment.

"I guess we should get back."

"Yeah," Clay agreed, trying to keep the disappointment out of his voice. "I guess we should."

Chapter End Notes

so, if u didnt notice, i changed my username. there is a purpose for this. i have had the amazing idea of connecting my ao3 and my insta, as well as my tiktok account. u prob dont know this, but i make a lot - and i mean a LOT - of art, and i would rllly appreciate it if u would check them out.

my insta is a.katastrophy

my tiktok is also a.katastrophy

i dont actually have anything posted on the tiktok yet, but im working on something kinda big(ish) so stay tuned. if ur interested in dsmp/mcyt art, anime, or just wanna come bug me over on the insta, id rlly appreciate it.

love you all <3

Wilbur: I MISS MY WIFE

Chapter Summary

no summary, just pain

Chapter Notes

ppl reading the fic: can we like get another plot related chapter? maybe some more dnf?

me: lol no <3 *disappears for three days*

- The Social Experiment -

Tubbo: why is Will crying

Philza: hes missing Sally again

Tubbo: ah

Tubbo: im just gonna avoid that mess

Wilbur: SHE WAS THE BEST THING IN MY LIFE

Wilbur: AND NOW SHES GONE FOREVER

Ranboo: whos Sally?

Philza: Wilbur's old girlfriend

Ranboo: did she break up with him?

Philza: no

Ranboo: did she die?!?

Philza: naw m8 she just moved away

Tubbo: *technically* theyre still together, just long distance

Philza: Will sometimes forgets that shes not here and has a whole ass mental breakdown

Wilbur: I MISS HER SO MUUUUUUCH

Fundy: dude its not like shes dead

Wilbur: SHUT UP DONT TALK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER LIKE THAT

Fundy: shes not my mom

Wilbur: DONT TALK BACK TO U FATHER U FUCKING FURRY

Fundy: oh fuck u Wilbur

Fundy is offline

Wilbur: NOW MY SON HAS LEFT ME TOO

Philza: Will

Wilbur: WHAT

Philza: do u want a hug

Wilbur: NO

Wilbur: I CRAVE VIOLENCE

Wilbur: TOMMY I CHALLENGE U TO A DUAL

Philza: no-

TOMMY: I FUCKING ACCEPT BITCH

Philza: pls dont

Technoblade: violence violence violence violence violence

Philza: dont encourage them

Niki: um, i just heard a very loud crash, whats happening?

Niki: ah

Niki: nevermind

Quackity: SECRET SANTA POG

Chapter Notes

u know i had to

u know i did

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Karl: GUYS I JUST HAD THE BEST IDEA

Quackity: WHAT

Sapnap: WHAT

TOMMY: WHAT

Karl: WHAT IF WE DID A GROUP SECRET SANTA

Quackity: YOOOOOOOOOOO

Sapnap: SO DOWN

George: im in

Dream: same

TOMMY: YES POG

Tubbo: ya!

Minx: the girls r down

Niki: ya :)

Philza: sure

Wilbur: why not

Technoblade: fine

Ranboo: sure!

Karl: alright, ill make name cards and pass them out today

Quackity: kinda crazy that christmas is only three days away

Sapnap: yaaaa

Karl: k i think everyone has a card

Sapnap: lets gooooo

*Message from **Clay** to **Nick***

Clay: eiw9eqdqkjwwqd

Nick: i see u got George

Clay: ahhhhhhhhhhh what am i supposed to doooooooo

Nick: ... get him a gift?

Clay: but WHAT

Nick: idk ill ask him what he wants

*Message from **Nick** to **George***

Nick: hey what do you want for christma-

George: akuhqibqfq

Nick: ah

Nick: i see u got Clay

George: ur his friend, what should i get him?!?!

Nick: ill ask, ill ask

*Message from **Nick** to **Clay***

Nick: what do u want for christmas

Clay: did u ask George?!?

Nick: shit hold on-

they continue like this for several hours

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehehe-

Google Search: _____

Chapter Summary

Clay does some online searching

it goes as well as can be expected

Chapter Notes

another filler chapter?
me?

never

hahaha...

ha...

heh...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ok, let's do this."

Google Search: *christmas presents for friends*

"No, that's too impersonal. What about..."

Google Search: *christmas gifts for a close friend*

"Mmm, still not quite..."

Google Search: *christmas gifts for a boyfriend*

"No, that makes it sound like we're dating. Can't do that. Ummm..."

Google Search: *christmas gifts for someone you want to date*

"That's too direct."

Google Search: *christmas gifts for someone you like but dont know how to tell them you like them*

"That's definitely worse."

Google Search: *christmas gifts for a friend who is a boy*

"Mmm, none of this looks like George's vibe. Honestly, does the guy like anything? Hmmm..."

Google Search: *christmas gifts. thats it.*

"Fuck, Clay. Think. Think of something. What has George told you about himself..."

"Oh my god."

"I got it. This is perfect."

Google Search: *EnChroma glasses*

"Ooooh he's gonna love this."

Chapter End Notes

brrrrrrrrrr

also, posted on insta today (a.katastrophy) maybe check it out? no? ok.

ALSO also check out Touch Off (my other dnf fic), it might get an update tonight or tomorrow. important plot stuff.

hello i need help

Chapter Notes

help me pls

um, uh, hello

author here.

so, u may have noticed i havent posted in a few days

i do have a reason for this.

i cant for the life of me think of a gift for george to give to clay, and its basically stopped any progress i can make on this story cause im dumb and cant write around it

this is where i need ur guys' help.

i have a few ideas in mind, but i want u guys to vote on which one u want.

1. something romantic - a date, picnic, sunset, some shit like that

2. something meaningful but not necessarily romantic - i have no ideas for this, if u want two give me an idea in the comments

so basically, if u could comment 1 or 2 and then what version of them u want on this chapter, that would be super helpful, txs

as always, have a lovely day, eat something, drink some water, get some sleep, i love u guys.

<3

Christmas Eve Presents

Chapter Summary

gifts are exchanged

Chapter Notes

thanks for all the comments and help, u guys r the best! i hope this makes both sides happy :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

“Remind me why we’re opening presents on Christmas Eve instead of in the morning?” George asked, plopping down into an armchair and curling up. It was almost 10 pm, but everyone was still up and energized with the idea of gifts.

“Because we can, that’s why!” Tommy said excitedly, bouncing up and down in his seat on the couch. George frowned at him as Wilbur slid into the open seat next to the teen, messing up Tommy’s already messy hair.

“Cause it’s kinda a tradition at this point,” Wilbur explained, smirking as Tommy tried to shove him off with a scowl. “We’ve been doing it for years now. Me, Tommy, Phil and Techno would get together on Christmas Eve and exchange gifts so we didn’t have to do it the next day.”

Techno nodded, sitting down next to the other two on the couch and sipping his tea. Phil joined him, and soon the rest of the group had taken their places, laughing and pushing each other around. Clay sat down at the foot of George’s chair, seeming to not notice the way George froze up and flushed.

“So, how should we do this?” Karl asked, his head resting on Nick’s shoulder. Alex, who had his head in Karl’s lap, smiled crookedly.

“We could go around and hand the gifts off, right? That would be easy.”

Wilbur nodded, pulling out a small present from behind him. “Works for me. I’ll go first.”

George watched as everyone exchanged gifts, feeling his nerves subside slowly. The group hadn’t put a price limit on the gifts, which made George feel better about his own present, which had been pretty expensive. He could still remember his conversation with Nick a few days prior.

“So, what does Clay like?” George asked, sipping his coffee slowly. Nick frowned, looking deep in thought.

“Well, a lot of things really. Sports, video games- oh! He really likes cats. His family cat died a few months ago, and he was really bummed about that.”

“Really?” George said curiously, an idea growing. It was kinda stupid, but also sweet, with the added bonus of being totally 100% platonic. “Cats, huh?”

“George, this is for you.”

George snapped back to the present as Clay turned to him, a small, rectangular box in his hand. He was smiling sheepishly as George took the box, staring at it curiously. He slowly unwrapped it to reveal- a pair of glasses. He looked up at Clay, confused. Clay beamed in a self satisfied way, tapping the side of the case.

“Read it.”

George quickly scanned the words and his mouth fell slightly open.

“You didn’t-”

Clay's smile was intoxicating, and George found himself smiling too as he opened the glasses box, pulling out the pair of lenses inside. They looked normal enough, with the slightest tint of the lenses to show anything special.

“What are they?” Nick asked curiously, leaning closer to try to get a better look.

“They’re those weird colorblind glasses. How did you- Clay! These were probably really expensive.”

Clay just shrugged, still smiling excitedly. “Don’t worry about it. Try them on!”

George slid the glasses onto his face and let out a small gasp. It wasn’t a crazy change, but all of the colors in the room looked brighter, sharper, less murky. The mug in Techno’s hand looked like a darker, purer version of his hair, and George guessed it must be red. Amazed, the Brit looked back at Clay and had to do a double take.

He’d known that Clay’s eyes were green. But he’d never truly *known* until that moment what green meant. It was bright and piercing, reminding George of early spring and rippling grass. It was officially George’s new favorite color.

“No longer piss yellow, huh?” Clay said, raising his eyebrows. George realized he’d been staring. He scoffed, shoving Clay away, but he couldn’t help the small smile that crept onto his lips.

“Shut up, it’s my turn now.” George pulled a small piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to Clay, watching the blond’s face as he read through the words there. Clay’s eyes widened and his mouth fell open.

“George is- is this real?”

George nodded, smirking. Nick looked at them curiously and Clay handed him the paper. Nick read through it quickly before laughing, looking at George in amazement.

“Wow Gogy, I said he likes cats, not get him a kitten!”

“Same difference,” George retorted, sticking his tongue out at Nick. Clay’s shocked expression had turned back into a bright grin.

“This is crazy! Do you already have one picked out?”

George nodded, pulling out his phone and scrolling through for a picture. It was of a small brown cat with stripes and large eyes. Clay let out a small ‘awe’ when George handed him the phone, causing the Brit to smile.

“I think I’ll name her Patches,” Clay said brightly, handing the phone back to George.

“Why?”

Clay just shrugged. “Fits. Now let’s finish this up! I want to sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

we'll get back to romance soon >:3

hehe

Dream: is ur name really fucking Tomathy

Chapter Notes

filler content go brrrrr

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Social Experiment

TOMMY: guys im boooooored

Philza: alright m8

TOMMY: PHILZA MINECRAFT

Philza: oh no

TOMMY: IS SO GREAT

Philza: what have i done

Wilbur: HES THE GREATEST MAN IVE EVER MET

Philza: pls stop

Wilbur: fine well sing something else

Philza: thats not what i meant-

Wilbur: (1776)

Technoblade: Phil what have you done-

Wilbur: (New York City)

TOMMY: pardon me, are you Aaron Burr, sir?

Wilbur: that depends, whos asking?

TOMMY: oh sure, sir

TOMMY: im Alexander Hamilton, im at ur service, sir

TOMMY: i have been looking for u

Wilbur: im getting nervous

TOMMY: sir-

Ranboo: i thought i was Burr

Wilbur: good going u ruined it

TOMMY: FUCK U RANBOOB UR NOTHING MORE THAN A PEGGY

Ranboo: i am- highly offended by that

Tubbo: who am i?

Wilbur: ur like a really watered down Lafayette

Tubbo: wow, thanks

Ranboo: whos Eliza?

TOMMY: my gf

Wilbur: u dont have a gf

TOMMY: YES I DO FUCK U

TOMMY** has added **Kristin** to **The Social Experiment

Kristin: hello?

TOMMY: THERE. THATS MY GF

Wilbur: THATS LITERALLY PHILS GF WTF

Philza: m8 why

Kristin: oh hello love! whats this?

Philza: u can ignore it

Kristin: alright

Kristin is offline

Philza: Tomathy

TOMMY: PHILZA MINECRAFT HAVE I EVER TOLD U THAT UR MY HERO

TOMMY: U R A GOD AMONG US MERE MEN

Quackity: haha amongus

TOMMY: PLS SHOW MERCY

Dream: ur name is fucking Tomathy?

Wilbur: nah, but it works

Philza: i will forgive u this one time

Philza: but if u do something again

Philza: i wont hesitate

Quackity: i wont hesitate BITCH *gunshots*

Wilbur: imagine getting nerfed by an old man

Philza: William-

Wilbur *if offline*

Chapter End Notes

im depressed *flips a peace sign* so writers block has officially set in. updates might be sporadic for a bit while i work on understanding how to feel emotions again. anyways, hope u enjoyed <3

That one time they found a pig (and also a cow)

Chapter Summary

Micheal my beloved

Henry i love u too

Chapter Notes

idk what this is

i just wanted animals

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Ranboo POV

Ranboo blinked at the animal.

It blinked back.

“It’s a pig,” he said blankly.

“Yes, Boo, I can see that it’s a pig,” Tubbo said, crouching down next to him. “But why is there a pig here? I didn’t know livestock liked the ocean.”

“Guys?” Tommy’s voice called, causing Ranboo to stand up and turn towards him. The blond teen was standing a little ways away, his eyes fixed on- a small cow.

The cow was sitting- like, actually sitting- staring at Tommy with big brown eyes. Tommy was staring back, eyes just as big.

“Now there’s a cow,” Ranboo said flatly. Tubbo stood, frowning, before scooping up the baby pig in his arms. “What are you doing?”

“Bringing it inside?” Tubbo said, walking up the beach and towards the house. Tommy watched him go before nodding, seeming to come to a decision. He turned back to the cow, his hands on his hips.

“Right then. Let’s go.”

The cow immediately stood up, following Tommy as the teen walked after Tubbo. Ranboo stared after them in utter confusion. What was this group coming to?

- The Social Experiment -

Technoblade: why are there small animals walking around my house

TOMMY: uhhhhhh

Tubbo: we did nothing

TOMMY: (tubbo tell him there isnt a problem)

Tubbo: TECHNOBLADE, PROBLEM THERE NO IS NOT

Technoblade: THERES A PROBLEM?!?!?

TOMMY: dammit hes too good

Ranboo: we kinda- found them? outside?

Philza: on the beach?

Tubbo: yes

Philza: so... you brought them inside?

Tubbo: ...

Tubbo: yup

TOMMY: ya

Ranboo: pretty much, yes

Technoblade: ofc u did

TOMMY: i have named him Henry

Tubbo: the cow?

TOMMY: no the pig. YES THE COW

Tubbo: sorry

Ranboo: i wanna name the pig Micheal

Tubbo: ok

Wilbur: what is even happening rn

Philza: we have a farm now

Wilbur: i see

Dream: dont forget ab Patches!

Sapnap: how could we forget ab Patches?

George: Patches my beloved

TOMMY: where do u bitches even come from?

George: beyond

Dream: the void

Sapnap: hell

TOMMY: whats hell like?

Sapnap: hot

TOMMY: alright

Technoblade: Tommy come get ur fucking cow before i make it into a hamburger

TOMMY: NOOOOOOOOO

TOMMY: IM COMING IM COMING

Chapter End Notes

kinda short

do i care?

no

maybe a little.

THAT GAY SHIT

Chapter Notes

they are plotting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Sapnap: ok we seriously need to help these idiots

Niki: ?

Karl: r we talking ab the children or Clay and George?

Sapnap: Clay and George

Minx: i think theyre beyond help at this point

Quackity: there has to be something we can do

Quackity: im sick of watching them pine from a distance

Karl: true...

Niki: we cant exactly set them up more than they already r...

Puffy: ya, theyre literally sleeping in the same room

Sapnap: *same bed

Minx: AND THEY STILL ARENT FUCKING TOGETHER? oh lord-

Karl: ok, we need to think of something

Karl: we only have five days of vacation left as a group

Sapnap: what if we try to plan something around new years?

Quackity: i still think the mistletoe could be useful

Minx: true, they literally almost kissed without it anyways

Karl: GUYS

Karl: I JUST HAD THE BEST IDEA

Sapnap: WHAT

Quackity: WHAT

Minx: SPILL

Niki: KINDLY SHARE

Puffy: WHAT

Karl: OK OK

Karl: heres the plan...

- The Social Experiment -

George: the polyamorous society has been awfully quiet lately

Karl: idk what ur talking ab

Dream: ya, ur right, they havent been texting as much

George: to this group, at least

Sapnap: ur imagining things

George: what r u plotting

Quackity: nothing

Karl: nadda

Sapnap: zilch

Minx: no plotting here

Puffy: yup

Niki: we're totally innocent

George: sure...

Dream: lowkey gettin worried

Wilbur: ya, ill just stay out of this one

Philza: same

TOMMY: im just gonna go chill with the bench trio

Wilbur: the what?

TOMMY: u heard me

Philza: dont question, just let him do his own thing m8

Wilbur: alright

Karl: ...

Karl: gc. now.

Sapnap: o7

Quackity: righty o'

Minx: omw

Niki: ^

Puffy: comin

George: I WILL FIGURE OUT WHATS GOING ON

Sapnap: sure u will buddy

Quackity: but by then it will be too late ;)

Chapter End Notes

polyamorous society is my new favorite term

The children are in on it

Chapter Notes

another short one, but i felt like adding the children

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

TOMMY has joined THAT GAY SHIT

TOMMY has added Ranboo and Tubbo to THAT GAY SHIT

Minx: wtf

Tubbo: we just want to talk

Ranboo: then we'll leave

Karl: how-

TOMMY: i am god

Karl: ...

Karl: alright then

Sapnap: y r u here?

TOMMY: we know ur planning something

Tubbo: we want in on it

Puffy: why?

TOMMY: cause im sick of gogy and dream being dumb ab their feelings

Niki: even the children can see it

Minx: they rlly r blind, huh

Quackity: i think something could be arranged...

Sapnap: the plan is already set tho

Karl: whats a few more ppl...

Sapnap: does anyone else find this a little weird?

Minx: nope

Niki: not rlly

Puffy: im just confused how they got here

Sapnap: ...

Sapnap: fine

TOMMY: YES

TOMMY: TELL US EVERYTHING

- The Social Experiment -

George: i have a bad feeling ab this...

Chapter End Notes

why is karl's plan still a secret?

simple.

cause idk what his plan is yet.

hide and seek. with a twist >:)

Chapter Summary

the plan is simple-

Chapter Notes

hi, sorry for disappearing, i am back

also thanks for all the suggestions! kinda feel bad for not picking one but i had a crack idea and i wanted to write it so HERES THAT

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Quackity: RISE AND SHINE CAMPERS ITS TIME TO PLAY

Tubbo: ooooh what r we playing?!?!

Karl: hide and seek-

Sapnap: with a twist >:)

George: this seems like a bad idea

TOMMY: whats the twist?

Minx: we're playing in ~ pairs ~

George: oh no i know where this is going

Quackity: >:)

Karl: youll have fun bb ;)

Dream: what r u talking ab?

Sapnap: NOTHING

Karl: dont worry ab it too much

Dream: ok...?

Tubbo: so r we picking partners or what?

Puffy: actually weve assigned them. Niki?

Niki: ofc:

Minx and Cara

Niki and Wilbur

Phil and Techno

Ranboo and Tubbo

Karl and Nick

Alex and Tommy

Clay and George

TOMMY: YAAAAAAAY BIG Q LETS GOOOOOOOO

Quackity: WE POPPIN OFF

George: u literally planned this, didnt u know what the teams were gonna be?

Quackity: shut up

Dream: hes just mad that he has to be stuck with me :')

George: yup

Karl: rip

Technoblade: we win these

Philza: we win these

Tubbo: Boo!

Ranboo: Bo!

Niki: Wilbur yay :D

Wilbur: the only person i will smile for is Niki

Technoblade: bullshit

Philza: u smile every time Sally texts u

Wilbur: ...

TOMMY: Philza why would u bring up Sally

Niki: update: Wilbur is now crying

Wilbur: WHY WOULD U DO THIS TO ME PHIL

Philza: oh no-

Technoblade: ight, imma head out

Technoblade is offline

Chapter End Notes

i could actually make this like- a several day thing and each day the poly society tries to come up with a newer and wilder plan to get the idiots together. that way i could use some of the great comment ideas.

that is, if u guys want ;)

ALSO i highly recommend u read my other dnf/karlnapity fic! its called Touch Off, its very good (in my opinion) go check it out and leave a comment bc i am lonely :')

JUMP IN THE CADILLAC-

Chapter Summary

Jump jump jump jump-

Chapter Notes

appears bet u missed me, huh?

hehe, I wrote this on my phone

lol

- IRL -

Tubbo: Tommy

TOMMY: oh no

Wilbur: oh yes

TOMMY: no-

Tubbo: JUMP

Wilbur: IN

Tubbo: THE

Wilbur: CADILLAC

TOMMY: NOOOOOOOO

Tubbo: GIRL

Wilbur: LETS

Tubbo: PUT

Wilbur: SOME

Tubbo: MILES

Wilbur: ON

Tubbo: IT

Dream: uhhh what?

Wilbur: Ohhhh, we could do u too

Dream: what-

Tubbo: NOW THAT INTERSTATE IS PAVED WITH MEMORIES

Wilbur: FROM A PAST LIFE I LIVED WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN

Dream is offline

IM COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET said no one in this whole chapter

Chapter Summary

...

Chapter Notes

IM BACK! FOR REAL THIS TIME!

sorry for the lil absence, i was on vacation, but im back now

wrote this while watching Wilbur POV MCC lol

also HAPPY FUCKING PRIDE MONTH BITCHES! IT IS OFFICIALLY MY
FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR. I CAN GO TO PRIDE PARADES AGAIN.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

George frowned, narrowing his eyes at the children.

Ranboo, Tommy and Tubbo were huddled together in the corner, all the way on the other side of the room from George, and they were whispering in low voices, occasionally glancing at George and pointing.

George sighed, crossing his arms over his chest and frowning at Nick.

“Why did you think this was a good idea, exactly?”

Nick just grinned at him, winking. “You’ll enjoy it, trust me.”

George felt his face heat a bit but he scoffed, turning away. “I highly doubt that.”

“ARE YOU GUYS READY?!?” Alex yelled suddenly, bursting into the living room with Karl right behind him. The rest of the group followed, including Clay, who made a beeline for George and Nick, smiling brightly. George resisted the urge to smile back.

Karl called for the group's attention, smiling mischievously. “Alright everyone, it’s time to explain some rules! First off, as you all know, we have partners. What this means is, when you’re hiding, you have to find a spot for both you *and* your partner to fit in. Whoever’s seeking also needs to make sure they stay with their partner. No splitting up, under any circumstances.”

Everyone seemed to be nodding and smiling, but George felt like a pit was opening in his stomach. He was supposed to find a hiding spot with Clay. *Purposefully* put himself in a small space... with *Clay*. George turned on Nick, glaring at him.

“You did this on purpose!” He whispered angrily, causing Nick to cackle.

“I thought you would figure it out sooner, Gogy!”

George glared daggers at him as Nick laughed. Clay looked between them, looking slightly confused. Finally, George sighed, rubbing a hand down his face and stealing himself for the inevitable. Karl walked over and linked his arm with Nick, smiling.

“Alright then! Nick and I will be seekers first. Everyone else, you have three minutes to hide. Hurry up!”

Clay POV

Clay smiled nervously at George as they hurried up the stairs, looking quickly for a spot to hide. George was avoiding his eyes, glancing around as they walked quickly down the hallway. Suddenly, George stopped, facing a door that Clay had never noticed before. Clay looked at it curiously, until George opened the door and he understood. It was a closet.

How ironic.

George stepped back a little, making a dramatic gesture with his arms towards the closet, face deadpan.

“Ladies first.”

Clay laughed before walking inside, reaching back to pull George in after him. There wasn't a lot of space in the closet, but it would have to do. George shut the door behind him, and the small space went dark. Clay took a step back and felt his back press against the far wall of the closet. George let out a small breath before turning so that his back was to the closet door. He sat down slowly on the ground, carefully keeping his legs tucked under him as Clay did the same.

George had been avoiding him.

Ever since they had gone back out to that stupid rock cliff, George had avoided Clay, walking past him quickly around the house and avoiding meeting Clay's eyes. It was kinda infuriating. George had almost kissed him, and now he couldn't seem to even have one conversation with Clay.

“So, are we going to talk about it, or...” Clay said slowly, watch George. George was staring at his feet.

“About what?” He hedged, glancing up. His gaze rested just over Clay's right shoulder, his face unreadable in the near blackness.

Clay resisted the urge to reach out and shake him. Instead he took a deep breath, making sure his voice was light and even when he spoke. “About... what happened the other day? On the cliff?”

Clay saw George's body stiffen. So he did know. And he'd been avoiding Clay because of it.

“I'm sorry,” George said hurriedly, still not meeting Clay's eyes. “I was stupid and I don't know what I was doing- we don't have to talk about it, don't worry-”

“George.”

George paused, and he finally met Clay's eyes. They were shadowy in the dark room, almost completely unreadable. Almost.

"You don't have to apologize, George," Clay said quietly, hesitantly reaching out to take George's hand. George's skin was cool to the touch, and his fingers were long, instinctively wrapping around Clay's, even as the rest of his body tensed up.

"I-"

The closet door burst open, causing George to spill backwards into the hall, his hand slipping out of Clay's grip. George let out a small yelp as he landed heavily on his back. Nick and Karl stood over him, grinning widely.

"Found ya," Karl said brightly, reaching down to help George to his feet. "What were you two doing in there, making out or something?"

Clay's face went red as he stood, stepping out into the light of the hallway. George had gone red as well, and he was looking anywhere else but at Clay.

"No, we were just- talking," George said coolly, looking up at Clay, a warning. *Say anything and I will kill you.*

Clay cleared his throat awkwardly, nodding along with George. "Yup. Just talking."

Nick raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

Chapter End Notes

the plan, it was not a success

but its fine

the gays will pull thru

hopefully

THAT GAY SHIT pt 2 :)

Chapter Notes

this is a filler, i am sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Quackity: u guys r fucking idiots

Karl: IM SORRY

Sapnap: WE THOUGHT WE GAVE THEM ENOUGH TIME

Minx: u ruined it

Niki: they were probably about to kiss or something!

Karl: actually, i think they were holding hands when we opened the door

Puffy: oh?

Quackity: ...

Quackity: maybe we are getting somewhere after all

Tubbo: i still like the mistletoe idea

TOMMY: i agree with Tubbo

Ranboo: I agree with Tubbo too

TOMMY: bc u said that, i no longer agree with Tubbo

Minx: wait, u guys r still here?

TOMMY: rude

Tubbo: rude

Ranboo: anyways-

Ranboo: i do think the mistletoe thing could work

Ranboo: we just need to set it up right

Tubbo: maybe we could stick it outside their room?

Karl: that could work...

Sapnap: what if we set them up on a date?

Minx: how tho?

Sapnap: idk

Quackity: ...

Karl: shhhhh the man is thinking

Quackity: ive got something...

Quackity: but it might take a bit of effort

Karl: weve got the man power

Sapnap: spill

Quackity: ok so

Quackity: the plan is simple-

Chapter End Notes

tHe PlaN Is SImpLe-

sorry for the late post, i was feelin lazy

New Years Eve pt. 1

Chapter Summary

i wonder what they could be planning?

Chapter Notes

hehehehehe

heh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

General POV

“Are we all ready?”

“I have all the things you told me to grab.”

“Tommy?”

“Of fucking course I’m ready, I’m the best.”

“No you’re not.”

“Shut up Tubbo-”

“Guys, please-”

“You shut up too, Ran *boob*.”

“Oh my god, we don’t have time for this-”

“Minx is right, you guys. We have to make sure everything is perfect.”

“How are we supposed to get the others to go along with this?”

“...”

“Alex? Please don’t smile like that, it’s creepy as honk.”

“Don’t worry about getting the others involved, Niki. I’ve got everything under control.”

Chapter End Notes

im so sorry, this isnt a real chapter either

but i promise the next part is MAJOR

MAJOR i tell you

IM IN THE MIDDLE OF A- OF A WAR MUM!

Chapter Notes

ok so- maybe i lied

i was rewatching Will's old phasmaphobia vid and remembered that bit- u know the one- so i decided to make it a chapter

cause i love wilbur's chaotic ass

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Wilbur: i have an announcement to make

Philza: oh dear god

Wilbur: i have founded a nation

Philza: you founded *another* nation?

Dream: what do you mean another?

Minx: if were keeping track, this would be the 1,037 cult/nation/group/*thing* Wilbur has founded in the last... year-ish

Niki: give or take a few months

Dream: how-

George: where, exactly?

Wilbur: Techno's basement

Technoblade: i did not approve of government in my household

TOMMY: dont worry big man, its a pretty pog nation

Tubbo: ^^

Philza: are you all a part of this 'nation'?

Tubbo: o7

TOMMY: o7

Niki: o7

Eret has joined The Social Experiment

Eret: it was never meant to be o7

Eret has left The Social Experiment

Philza: how-

Wilbur: i like that line. maybe ill use it for something...

Wilbur: also o7, duh, its my nation

Philza: ok fine. whats the nation called?

Wilbur: L'manberg

Philza: ...

Philza: Techno

Technoblade: Yes Philza

Philza: ...

Technoblade: anarchy?

Philza: anarchy

Ranboo: whats that? its sounds fun

Tubbo: Boo, no-

Technoblade: oh yes, its lots of fun

Technoblade: you should join us

Niki: can i come too?

Wilbur: wha- Niki!

Niki: sorry, theirs sounds cooler

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: it was never meant to be

Philza: no-

Quackity: why the FUCK did i just hear an explosion?

TOMMY: NOOOOOOO

Tubbo: L'MANBERG

Wilbur: kill me Phil

Wilbur: do it Phil, kill me

Philza: ...

Philza: lol no

Philza is offline

Chapter End Notes

anyways-

New Years Eve pt. 2 (The Mistletoe Incident pt. 2)

Chapter Summary

the vacation is coming to an end

will the gays manage to pull thru?

Chapter Notes

hehehehehe

heh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

“Guys, we gotta hurry up! We’re gonna miss the fireworks!”

Karl’s voice echoed through the house and was met with multiple replies from different rooms.

“Coming!”

“One sec!”

George grabbed a sweatshirt before hurrying downstairs and into the living, followed quickly by Niki, Tubbo and Ranboo. Most of the rest of the group was already there, chatting and looking excited. Only Techno had ever seen the fireworks before, but George had heard from other people that they were amazing.

“Is this everyone? Great, let’s go!”

The group took two cars to the beach they were watching the fireworks from, and George found himself stuck between Ranboo and Tommy. A less than ideal situation.

“Shove off, ya dickhead!”

“Tommy, I’m literally not even next to you!”

“I don’t care, you suck.”

“Would both of you shut the fuck up?!?”

“Sorry Tubbo.”

“Sorry Tubbo.”

Luckily the beach was only fifteen minutes away.

The moment they arrived, the group piled out of the car, shoving each other and arguing about who was the worst driver. Alex had an arm around both Nick and Karl, and they were laughing together at something Alex had said. George found himself smiling at them as the group walked towards the water. It had only been a few months, but the three of them had gotten so close, it almost made George’s heart hurt.

“Whatcha thinkin about?”

George jumped as Clay’s voice came from right next to him. George frowned at him, his face going slightly pink.

“Nothing. You ready to go?”

Niki POV

“Do you remember the plan?” Alex asked Phil, glancing quickly back at Clay and George as he spoke.

Phil nodded, looking serious. “Of course. Keep a safe distance, make sure to get the children to leave them alone.”

Alex nodded, a mischievous grin breaking out across his face. “Right. Tubbo, Tommy and Ranboo are already in on this, but I wouldn’t put it past them to screw it up by accident. And we can’t have a plan be screwed up again.”

Phil nodded again before smiling and walking over to where Wilbur and Techno were waiting for him. Niki watched him go before turning to Alex expectantly.

“Right, so what now?”

Alex just grinned. “Nick and Minx should be about finished with their part of the plan now, and then it’ll be Karl and Cara’s turn. Which means we get to sit back and watch the show.”

Niki nodded, watching over Alex’s shoulder how Clay and George were walking towards the water, almost bumping shoulders each time they took a step. This was going to work. They didn’t have enough time left for it not to.

“Hey wait, you still have one part left, right?” Niki remembered suddenly, turning her attention back to Alex.

Instead of looking worried that he’d forgotten something, he grinned mischievously.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’ve got that under control.”

Clay POV

“Hey man, can I talk to you for a second?”

Clay turned, surprised, to see Alex walking towards him, smiling easily. For some reason, the smile filled Clay with deep dread.

“Uh, ya, sure.”

Alex smiled, waving him over. Clay glanced quickly at George, who was watching Alex worriedly, before walking over to his friend. Alex threw an arm around Clay’s shoulder, turning him away from George with a grin.

“Heyyy man. So, you’re really not very good at hiding your feelings.”

Clay sputtered, feeling his face go red. “Wha- I don’t-”

“Shhhhh, shhh shhh. I know you like him. But the question is: does he like you?”

Clay froze, thinking. The time when George didn’t know who he was and called him hot. The time he held his hand at the movie theater. The time he tricked Clay into getting his phone back. The time he’d ducked away, blushing, when Clay had held the mistletoe. And the time on the cliff, when George had almost kissed him. George couldn’t like him back...

Could he?

Alex seemed to know what was going through Clay’s mind, because he smiled knowingly.

“Now you’ve got it. So anyways, I’ve got a bet for you.”

Clay blinked. “A- a *bet*?”

Alex grinned, nodding. “Yup. I bet you... \$100 that you won’t kiss George by the end of the vacation.”

“Wha-” Clay blinked again, confused. “But the end of the vacation is tomorrow!”

Alex grinned, and for the first time, Clay saw the pure evil behind his eyes.

“Indeed it is. Better get on it then!”

George POV

“What was that about?” George asked suspiciously as Clay walked back over to him.

The blond’s expression was lost and confused. George looked over his shoulder to see Alex watching him, grinning evilly. He glared back before turning to walk next to Clay down to the water. Something was up, and George was going to figure it out.

Karl and Cara seemed to appear out of nowhere, smiling brightly.

“Hey guys! We have something cool to show you!” Karl called as the pair got closer.

George watched him suspiciously as Cara waved them over. Clay and George walked over to them and followed the pair as they made their way down the beach, towards a pile of rocks. Out of the corner of his eye, George could’ve sworn he saw Nick and Minx sneak by, but when he turned to try and see them, there was no one there.

Something was definitely up.

“So, where are we going exactly?” George asked nonchalantly, eyeing Karl as they walked.

Karl grinned at him, eyes sparkling with humor. “Just a fun little *romantic* spot we found.”

Clay choked, looking at the brunet with his eyes wide. George glared at Karl, who simply smiled back.

“Ah, here we are!” Cara called happily, rounding one of the rocks.

George followed her and almost groaned. They had set him up. Again.

Someone (George guessed Nick and Minx) had set up a picnic blanket on the sand, small candles placed randomly around it and a large blanket folded neatly in the corner.

“Wha-”

“Alright, you two have fun now!” Karl called quickly, disappearing with Cara back behind the rocks and down the beach towards the rest of the group.

Clay turned to George, his eyes sparkling with mischief, even as his cheeks went pink.

“Well, shall we?”

Clay POV

The fireworks were amazing.

They burst over their heads, bright colors spilling into the sky, looking like exploding stars. But the most amazing part was George at his shoulder.

George had brought his enchroma glasses with him to see the fireworks in full color, and Clay wanted to remember the expression on his face forever. His eyes were wide with wonder and his lips were quirked up in the smallest smile. It was beautiful. *He* was beautiful.

The fireworks were amazing, but the one thing Clay would remember from that night at the beach would be the way George's eyes reflected the colorful explosions overhead. Clay would remember it forever.

George POV

George didn't remember the trip back to the house, only the fact that at some point, he was walking back through the front door, following Karl and Alex as they laughed about something Nick had said earlier.

Suddenly, Clay was at his shoulder, smiling shyly at him. "Tired?"

George nodded, not even bothering to get flustered about how close Clay was to him. They walked up the stairs together, side by side, towards their room. Everyone else had gone to bed quickly, so the place was dead silent. If he had been more awake, George might've found it suspicious how quickly everyone disappeared.

Clay stopped suddenly, letting out a quiet laugh. When George looked at him, he smiled slyly, pointing towards the ceiling above them.

"Is that-"

The plant was slightly withered, its green leaves looking more dry than they had the week before, but it was unmistakably-

“Mistletoe,” Clay said softly, his smirk turning into a soft smile.

George was suddenly very aware of how close they were, not even a foot between them, standing in the dim hallway outside their room, staring at each other. George was a little hesitant, but Clay had always been a little impatient.

Clay took a step forwards, closing the space quickly. He reached out slowly, giving George enough time to pull away. He didn't. Clay hand cradled his cheek, and suddenly their faces were less than an inch apart, close enough for George to feel Clay's breath against his lips.

“You know, Alex wanted to make a bet with me,” Clay said softly, his other hand going to George's waist. Instinctively, George reached up, slowly wrapping his arms around Clay's neck.

“Was that what that whole thing was about?” George asked quietly, his eyes focused on Clay's.

Clay was looking at his lips. “Ya. He said he'd pay me if I managed to kiss you before the trip is over.”

George felt his stomach flutter a little, and his gaze slid down from Clay's eyes to fix on his lips. “That doesn't give you a lot of time, does it?” George ran a hand through Clay's hair, feeling the blond shiver under his touch.

“No, it really doesn't. So,” Clay asked, his smirk returning slightly, “wanna help me win a bet?”

George didn't answer him. Instead, he leaned forwards, closing the tiny space between them, and kissed him. He felt Clay stiffen in surprise, but then he was kissing George back, leaning into it, and George was lost in the feeling of his hair under his fingers, Clay's grip on his waist, and the press of his lips.

George pulled away slowly, breathing in deeply. Clay's gaze was unfocused as he stared at George, his mouth slightly open. Despite everything, George grinned.

“I think I will help you win that bet.”

i hope ur all fucking happy

i did it

i wrote the fucking kiss scene

i hate writing kiss scenes, but i did it for u guys

cause i love ya <3

THAT GAY SHIT pt. 3

Chapter Notes

the gays pulled thru pog?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Quackity: ya hear that bois??

Sapnap: yup

Quackity: that is the sound of victory

TOMMY: no thats the sound of Gogy and Dream breaking a bed

Tubbo: jesus Tommy

Ranboo: lmao

Tubbo: Boo, not u too!

Minx: we actually did it

Niki: yay this is great :D

Puffy: now they can stop pining

Karl: lol

Quackity: so uh

Quackity: in other news

Quackity: u guys said u would pitch in the pay the bet

Quackity: r ya gonna do that, or....

Sapnap: ...

Sapnap is offline

Karl is offline

Tommy is offline

Minx is offline

Ranboo is offline

Tubbo is offline

Puffy is offline

Niki: sorry big man

Niki is offline

Quackity: ...

Quackity: well shit

Chapter End Notes

so, as a person on the ace spectrum, i rlly hate writing and reading smut, so if u were hoping for that at any point, sorry but no. this is all u will get.

interoperate it however u want, i rlly dont care

that is all

the bois r kicked out

Chapter Notes

lmao this was just fun to write

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Minx: i think u guys know what time it is

TOMMY: DONT DO THIS TO US

Tubbo: PLS MERCY

Ranboo: i have accepted my fate

Tubbo: wha- Boo!

Ranboo: what?

Ranboo: i have come to terms with it

Quackity: alright bois

Karl: ur time has come

Niki: we hate to do this to u but

Puffy: we gotta

TOMMY: ...just make it quick

Tubbo: it was an honor to fight alongside u, men

Ranboo: may we never forget the good old days

TOMMY: o7

Tubbo: o7

Ranboo: o7

Sapnap: oh my god ur all ridiculous

Sapnap** has removed **TOMMY**, **Tubbo**, and **Ranboo** from **THAT GAY SHIT

Minx: party pooper

- The Social Experiment -

TOMMY: weve been REMOVED

Tubbo: HOW COULD U DO THIS TO US

Minx: it needed to be done

Dream: ?

George: context, maybe?

Quackity: nope

Karl: sorry nah

Niki: i think we're losing connection

Puffy: we gotta go

Minx: bye now!

George: alright then

*Message from **George** to **Quackity***

George: i know what u did

Quackity: i have no idea what ur talking about

George: u were the one who made the final plan, right?

George: the bet

Quackity: ah

Quackity: so maybe i do know what ur talking about

Quackity: ur welcome, btw

George: ya id like to pay u back for that

Quackity: rlly? i thought ud try to kill me or something

George: nooooo, i would never

George: i just thought you should know

George: that im in love with Clay

Quackity: ...

Quackity: y r u telling me this

George: because no one will ever believe you

George has deleted 1 message

George is offline

Quackity: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Chapter End Notes

also i finally updated Touch Off! u should go read it

The trip is over lol

Chapter Notes

im back again lol

might be gone for a while again tho

gonna be out of town for two weeks, soooo....

ya. sorry

have this

- The Social Experiment -

Tubbo: i dont wanna gooooooooooooo

Wilbur: too fucking bad

Philza: Will

Technoblade: thank god this trip is over

Minx: y r u so happy ab it?

Technoblade: well, lets see...

Technoblade: 1. i had to host this trip, if u forgot

Technoblade: 2. i hate all of u

Technoblade: 3. in a matter of hours, Wilbur managed to found a nation and then subsequently destroy it

Technoblade: which, may i remind u, was all done in my basement

Technoblade: also the idiots got together so yay, great, whatever

Dream: what-

George: no-

Niki: they rlly think we dont know huh

Quackity: ...

George: u got something to say?

Quackity: no

George: good

Dream: im confused

George: dont worry ur not missing anything

Sapnap: why is Quackity swearing and grumbling under his breath?

George: no reason

Quackity: ...no reason

Karl: i am *mildly concerned*

George: no need to be

Dream: i-

George: DOESNT MATTER

George: anyways, im leaving now

George is offline

Dream: tf

Sapnap: idk man, hes ur boyfriend

Dream: uh- no-

Karl: suuuuure

Quackity: keep tellin urself that

Dream: ...

Dream is offline

TOMMY: i kicked that child in self defense

Chapter Notes

idk what this is

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Philza: Tommy

TOMMY: wat

Philza: why were u in the principles office after school today

Ranboo: uhhh

TOMMY: to be fair

TOMMY: i kicked that child in self defense

Technoblade: i have taught him well

Philza: what. child.

TOMMY: some piss baby freshmen was bullying Ranboo for being tall

TOMMY: safe to say, he wont be doing that anymore

Tubbo: RIP that child AYYYYYYYYYYYYY

Ranboo: no, no no. no.

Tubbo: hehe

Tubbo: wait where was i during this interaction?

TOMMY: the principles office

Tubbo: oh ya

Philza: why were YOU in the principles office?!?

Tubbo: uhhhhhhhhh

Ranboo: have u been over by the science classes today by any chance?

Philza: no?

Ranboo: oh

Ranboo: ya, maybe dont go over there

Ranboo: i think theyre still cleaning up the rubble

Philza: if i could, u would all be grounded

Technoblade: lol

Wilbur: Phil ur age is showing

Philza: Wilbur Soot

Wilbur: oh fuck

Wilbur is offline

TOMMY: AYYYYYYYYY PHILZAS GONNA BEAT SOME KIDS

Philza: im comin for ya

TOMMY: shit

TOMMY is offline

Chapter End Notes

so im gonna be gone for like- a week and a half, so expect nothing from me for a bit. i will be back tho, dont worry!

Back in School

Chapter Notes

im back at home which means IM BACK ON MY BULLSHIT BABY

enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

George usually walked to school, sometimes even with Karl. But it seemed that, since the winter trip, Clay had taken it upon himself to drive George. Every day.

"I'm coming, hang on," George grumbled the moment he answered the call, not even having to look at the caller ID to know it was his overly clingy boyfriend.

Boyfriend.

George still got a small flutter in his chest every time he thought the word. He couldn't believe, after everything, he had actually gotten himself a boyfriend. As he quickly got dressed, George thought about the conversation he'd had with Clay on the last day of the trip.

"So..."

George raised an eyebrow at Clay, who was sitting in the drivers seat of his car, the key stuck in the ignition but not turned on yet.

"So," George prompted, watching Clay carefully.

"What are we, exactly?" Clay said hurriedly, his cheeks going slightly pink. For once, George let himself think of it as cute.

George shrugged, averting his eyes. "Dunno." He risked a glance at Clay before adding, "What do you want us to be?"

Clay gazed out the windshield, looking deep in thought. After a moment, he turned, meeting George's eyes.

"Is boyfriends ok with you?"

George felt his heart leap, and he smiled. It was small and awkward, but still a real smile.

"Boyfriends sounds great."

George ran out the door of his house, calling a quick goodbye to his mother. He hurried to Clay's car, glaring at the blond as he climbed in.

"We're not gonna be late, why so early?"

Clay grinned, leaning across the front console of the car to give George a quick kiss. "Thought we could get coffee first."

George's face heated slightly from the kiss, but he scoffed, turning away. "Sure, sounds good."

Showing up with Clay, one of the most popular people on campus, raised a few eyebrows, but George ignored the looks as they walked through the halls towards George's first period class.

George had tried to argue that he knew perfectly well how to get to his classroom and that he didn't need anyone to walk him there, but Clay couldn't be shaken.

"Ayyy, my boys!" A loud whoop came from ahead, and George looked up to see Alex, Karl and Nick walking towards them, all arm in arm. Alex, the one who had called out, was grinning madly.

"You two are a little later than usual. What were you up to, huh?"

George felt his face go red once again. He glared at Alex, holding up his half empty styrofoam coffee cup for the guy to see.

"Went to get caffeine. Figured we'd need it to deal with you today."

Alex's grin widened and his eyes narrowed. Ever since their 'conversation' the other day, Alex had been taking any excuse to make a jab at George about his love life, and George making jabs back only seemed to make him happier. It was a losing game, George knew, but it was fun nonetheless.

"Right, anyways," Karl said quickly, shoving Alex out of the way so he was standing in front, "you're both coming to the football game tonight, right? Well, duh, Clay's gonna be playing in the game, but George, you should come! I think the whole group is gonna be there!"

George frowned, prepared to say no, when he caught sight of Clay's face. He looked expectant. He was watching George, as if expecting him to say no.

"Sure," George said before he could stop himself, turning to face the others. He saw, out of the corner of his eye, Clay's expression lift, and George felt himself smiling. "After all, my *boyfriend* is playing in the game."

Clay let out a whoop, wrapping his arms around George's waist and spinning him in a circle. When he finally set him back on his feet, George saw that Clay was beaming. It was blinding, but as warm as the sun. He quickly averted his eyes, catching Alex's instead. There was a challenge there: *when will you tell him?* George looked away from him too.

The five minute bell rang, and the group dispersed to their classes, but George's mind was stuck on

Alex's silent question.

When will you tell him?

Chapter End Notes

boyfriends my beloved

George: i need to talk to you

Chapter Notes

some ppl were a lil confused last chapter, but lucky u, i have everything planned out!
so heres this

i call this one 'putting my own feelings ab relationships and emotions onto george'

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- *Message from George to Karl* -

George: hey...

Karl: whats up?

George: i need to talk to you

George: can you meet me at my house after school?

Karl: ofc! :)

George: great! see u then

- IRL -

George POV

George paced the length of his bedroom, rubbing his fingers into his temples. Karl sat on George's bed, watching him worriedly.

"Dude, are you sure you're ok? What did you want to talk about?"

George sighed, flopping down onto the floor so he could lean his back against his bed. "It's... it's about Clay."

Karl watched him curiously. "Clay? I thought everything was going great. Did something go wrong?"

George rubbed a hand down his face, a lump forming in his throat. "Everything *is* great. It's more than great. That's the problem."

Karl raised an eyebrow but waited for him to continue.

"What if something goes wrong?"

At that, Karl frowned, scooting a little closer to George. "What do you think could go wrong? He clearly cares a lot about you."

"I know! But... I don't know how to say this."

Karl nudged his shoulder reassuringly, smiling. "Try your best."

"I- when I think about this relationship, about *us*... i can only see it ending. And I don't want it to end. But- what if it does? What if one day Clay wakes up and realized this was all a mistake? He's got a real life, he's well known, people like him. What if he realizes that having a boyfriend, especially *me* as a boyfriend, is hindering his life? What if he-

Karl smacked George on the back of the head, bringing him up short. Looking up at him in shock, George saw that the boy's eyes were shining with anger.

"Are you really that dumb?"

George stared at Karl, dumbfounded. "What?"

The anger faded from Karl's eyes and he sighed, coming to sit next to George on the ground.

"When I first started dating Alex and Nick, I thought similar things. 'What if they decide I'm not worth it?', 'What if they don't actually care about me?' It took some time, but I finally managed to talk to them both about it. They were very confused as to how I got to that conclusion, let me tell you," Karl said with a small laugh. "But they reassured me that they would always care about me and that I would always be worth it to them. And since I doubt you'll ever be able to talk to Clay about this-"

"Over my dead body."

"- I'll tell you this straight to your face: you're not a hindrance to anyone's life. You're a good friend, and even though you don't think it, I can tell you really care about people. Everyone in our group could say the same thing. You help hold us together, keep us all sane and not at each other's throats. Honestly, without you, the feral boys would probably fall apart."

"Karl-"

Karl raised a hand, frowning at George. "Don't interrupt me. And even if you don't know it, people care about *you*, George. *Clay* cares about you. A lot, from what I can tell. He would be an absolute idiot to ever think you're a hindrance. And if he ever dumps you, I will personally burn his house down."

George laughed wetly and Karl smiled, pulling him into a hug. "There are people who care a lot about you, George. Don't let yourself forget that. Now," Karl said briskly, pulling away and bouncing to his feet, a devilish grin on his face, "it's time for us to get ready for the game. I can think of a few people who would be more than happy to see us cheering them on from the stands."

George smiled as Karl helped pull him to his feet, but there was still a bit of doubt left inside him. Hesitantly, he asked, "Karl, what would you say if someone told you they loved you?"

Karl frowned, considering. "Depends on who it was. If it was a complete stranger, I'd run away from there as fast as I could. But if it was Nick or Alex... I'd probably say it back."

George nodded, and with that, Karl pulled him out of the house, towards his own home to get ready for the game.

Chapter End Notes

next up: another chaotic football game!

The Game

Chapter Notes

Have this

Cause my computer broke so I'm writing with an iPad and a Bluetooth keyboard :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

George POV

George had the strangest feeling of deja vu as he walked up to the group of people near the stadium. Tommy and Wilbur were arguing, Phil and Techno were watching them in amusement, Tubbo and Ranboo were deep in conversation, and Cara, Niki, Minx, Alex, and Karl were all huddled together, laughing and yelling over each other. When they saw George coming, Karl and Alex called out to him, pulling him into the group before he had a chance to protest.

“Ayyy, man! Long time no see!”

George tried to frown at Alex, but a small smile was tugging at his lips. “I literally saw you yesterday. We had school, remember?”

Alex faked a look of concentration before shrugging. “Don’t remember, sorry.”

“Why you-”

“George, you made it!”

“Gogs!”

Wilbur and Tommy had evidently stopped arguing, because they had come over to join the group,

Phil and Techno trailing after them. Tubbu and Ranboo joined them a moment later, and George felt himself smile.

It was strange, but these people had somehow become his friends. And even stranger, George wasn't even mad about it.

"Guys come on, you're gonna miss the game!" A person yelled from the bleachers - Skeppy, who was sitting up near the top with Bad next to him. Alex and Karl each grabbed one of George's arms, pulling him towards the stands.

He let them.

The football game was- interesting, to say the least.

To say that they won would be an understatement. Nick, Clay, and the rest of their team crushed their opponents, coming out almost ten points ahead (idk if that's a lot or not, I don't know shit about football :p). George was on his feet almost the whole time, yelling with Alex and Karl as they watched their boyfriends run up and down the field.

In the end, it was Clay who scored the last point. He ran over the end line just as the buzzer sounded, causing the crowd to cheer wildly, George shouting right along with them. As the rest of the team converged on Clay, George found himself running down the bleacher steps after Karl and Alex, sprinting towards the huddle of football players on the other end of the field.

The crowd broke as they approached, Nick running out to greet Alex and Karl, a grin on his face. Alex launched himself at Nick, Karl following suit right after, so the three of them ended up as a pile on the ground, laughing together.

George looked away from them and caught green (yellow lol) eyes watching him. George approached Clay slowly, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Was that good enough for you?" Clay said, smirking as George stopped in front of him.

"I will admit," George said, wrapping his arms around Clay's neck, "that it wasn't half bad."

Before Clay could get another word out, George stood on the tips of his toes and pressed a soft kiss to Clay's lips. He pulled back quickly, very aware of several pairs of eyes fixed on them. But he really couldn't bring himself to care.

"Careful George, you might make some cheerleaders jealous," Nick called, standing up and helping to pull Alex and Karl to their feet as well.

"Ya, spread the love George!" Alex said, faking hurt. "We want some kisses too!"

George flipped them off, and Clay laughed softly. When he turned back to meet Clay's eyes, George found that they were still fixed on him.

"What?"

Clay just shook his head, pulling gently on the light green sweater Karl had forced him into earlier.

"Green looks good on you."

George felt his face go slightly pink, but he smirked. "Really? Maybe I should borrow your sweatshirt some time."

Clay laughed, reaching for George's hand and intertwining their fingers together.

"Maybe you should. But right now, I think there's a whole group of idiots who want our attention."

George turned to see the rest of the group making their way haphazardly onto the field, shoving each other and laughing. Not for the first time that day, George found himself smiling.

"Alright."

Clay smiled, giving George's hand a gentle squeeze before pulling him towards the group. George hung back for a second however, his conversation with Karl coming to his mind.

"Wait. Clay, I have to tell you something."

Clay paused, turning to him with a curious frown. "What's up?"

"I-" love you. "I'll tell you later, never mind."

Clay smiled, pulling him back towards the group. "Alright. It can't be too important then, right?"

"Right."

Not important at all.

Chapter End Notes

Ill be back soon, gonna have to figure out how to write with an iPad so updates might be infrequent :p sorry

Wilbur: I think I might know what's up...

Chapter Notes

Lol angst

Final arc here we gooooooooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

(Three days after the game - Sunday)

- The Social Experiment -

Dream: hey has anyone heard from George?

Dream: he hasn't answered my messages since Friday

Sapnap: awww, is someone getting clingy?

Dream: shut up this is serious

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: I think I might know what's up...

Dream: really? What?

Wilbur: he sometimes disappears when his dad calls

Dream: can u message me what u think?

Wilbur: ofc

*Message from **Wilbur** to **Clay***

Wilbur: I don't think I should tell you everything. George can tell you when he's ready

Wilbur: all I'm gonna say is that George's dad still lives in England, and sometimes he calls. George won't ever tell anyone what his dad says, but he tends to disappear for a few days afterwards. I'd say the best thing to do is give him some space

Clay: ok thank you

*Message from **Clay** to **George***

Clay: George?

Clay: I just want u to know that ill be here when u want to talk, ok?

George: Clay...

George: are you home right now? We need to talk

- IRL -

Clay POV

As soon as he responded to George's message, Clay heard a knock on his door. He hurried downstairs, confused and worried, flinging the door open to see George standing on his front porch. His brown hair was a mess and he looked like he hadn't slept in days.

"Hey-"

"We need to talk," George said quickly, pulling him outside. Clay didn't protest, just followed George as he walked down the side walk.

"Ok, so talk. What's going on?"

George didn't say anything for a moment, and Clay watched him worriedly. What had happened that had gotten George so on edge?

"I'm sure Wilbur already told you," George started finally, his voice a little shaky, "but my dad called me on Friday. Well, he called me and then my mother. He..."

George stopped suddenly, and Clay almost ran into him. George's expression looked torn between fear and sadness, but he took a shaky breath before speaking. The words felt like a punch to the gut for Clay.

"He's moving me back to England for my senior year."

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehehehehe

Pain

No pain today, just chaos

Chapter Notes

no notes

Just enjoy this before the pain starts

L

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

TOMMY: WILBUR HELP

Wilbur: what happened gremlin child

TOMMY: TUBBO AND RANBOOB STARTED A CULT

Wilbur: ok...?

TOMMY: AND THEY WONT LET ME JOIN IT

Wilbur: ah

Philza: cheer up m8, you've got us :)

Technoblade: not me tho :)

Philza: Techno!

Wilbur: don't worry Tommy we'll start our own cult

Philza: Will-

Wilbur: I'm naming it Pogtopia

Philza: ...

Philza has left The Social Experiment

Killza has joined The Social Experiment

Wilbur: aaaaand that's my cue to leave

Wilbur is offline

Technoblade: violence, violence

Tubbo: I heard violence

Technoblade: what would a child know ab violence?

Tubbo: I have bombs

Ranboo: Tubbo no-

Technoblade: I'm listening...

Tubbo: well, it all started when I became president of a nation-

Chapter End Notes

that is all

Is that it, then?

Chapter Notes

Pain

I wrote this at ungodly hours of the morning :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Clay POV

It had been raining all week.

Clay felt like he was detached, separate from himself, even as he went about his normal day to day.

George had been avoiding him.

Whether it was purposeful or just George trying to figure out his situation, it still hurt. Clay would've accepted the excuse that George was busy trying to get ready for his leave. Clay would've accepted any excuse in the world. Anything was better than the current radio silence he was receiving.

*Message from **Clay** to **George***

Clay: talk to me

Clay: George please

Seen

In the end, Clay didn't remember getting to George's house. All he knew was that he was standing at his boyfriend's front door, rain soaking his clothes and running down his face. George answered after Clay had knocked three times, and he looked even worse than last time.

"Wha- Clay, what are you doing? It's late, and it's raining."

Clay bit back an angry remark, instead reaching out and grabbing one of George's hands between his own. George froze at first, but slowly relaxed into the touch, though he wouldn't meet Clay's eyes.

"George, please. We need to talk."

George let out a shaky sigh before stepping farther out of his house, into the rain with Clay. "Ok."

George stood silent, so Clay spoke first.

"When are you supposed to fly out?"

"Next week. Saturday."

That was a whole lot sooner that Clay had thought.

"What- what about the rest of the school year? *This* school year?"

"My father decided I'll be doing it online before transferring to a school in the UK next year." George said everything with a strange detachment that he didn't quite seem to feel. Clay grew more frustrated with every word.

"Is there really no way to negotiate this? With your dad, I mean?"

George shook his head, still looking down at his feet. "Believe me, I've tried. He doesn't care what I'm leaving behind. Maybe... maybe it's for the best though."

Clay felt like he had been physically slapped.

"What?"

George finally looked up at him, and Clay noticed how bloodshot his eyes were. He looked like he'd been crying.

"I mean," George said with a detached lightness, "we would've probably broken up anyway. Better to get it over with now, right?"

"George--"

"You can find someone for you next year, when I'm gone. Just forget about me and find someone else. Someone who deserves you."

They were standing fully in the rain on George's front lawn, less than a foot apart, but Clay took a step back at those words, staring at George.

"Are you serious?"

George smiled sadly. "You'll move on soon enough. I wouldn't worry about it."

"What are you saying?"

When George refused to speak, Clay continued.

"Is this it? Are you breaking up with me, George?"

George said nothing.

Something inside of Clay broke.

“You know what, no. I don’t even care that much that you're moving away, that’s something we can deal with. Something I *thought* we could deal with. Long distance may suck, but we could try. So why are you acting like this is it?”

George remained silent, but Clay saw tears in his eyes. They rolled slowly down his cheeks, mixing with the rain drops already falling.

“Please, George,” Clay whispered, pulling him closer so they were merely inches apart. “Please don’t do this.”

George stepped away, taking a breath before turning and walking up towards his still open front door.

“Is that it then? You’re just going to walk away from me- from *us*- without even a goodbye?”

George whirled around, and his calm expression was gone. He looked like he wanted to scream.

“What else am I supposed to do?” George practically yelled, his voice breaking slightly. “I’m *leaving*, Clay! My dad wants me to stay in England for college. That’s five years before I could even consider moving back here! I can’t- I can’t wait that long. I’m sorry.”

“George-“

“Goodbye, Clay,” George whispered, hurrying inside and shutting the door after him.

Clay stared blankly at the door.

The rain continued to fall.

Chapter End Notes

I am evil

Ur welcome

The Smallest Bit of Hope

Chapter Notes

I'm back bois

Did u miss me? No? Ok

Anyways, have this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL

Clay POV

“Uhhhh, can you please remind me why I’m here, exactly?”

Clay groaned, rolling over in his bed to see Nick standing in the doorway. The guy looked like he’d just woken up, his black hair a mess that was only being held at bay by his headband. Clay sat up slowly, ignoring the way his stomach growled at him. So maybe he hadn’t eaten a decent meal in two days.

In five days, George would be gone.

The thought haunted him. It was the first thing on his mind when he woke up, the last thing in his head before he fell asleep. It was an all consuming void, and Clay had half a mind to let himself fall.

“You good, man?”

Clay looked up, pulled out of his thoughts by Nick’s slightly concerned voice. His friend was sitting on the floor next to him, watching him with worry in his eyes.

Clay shook his head, letting out a ragged laugh. “I don’t know Nick. I really don’t.”

Clay knew that it was Monday. He knew that he had school in less than an hour. He knew he would have to face George then. Was it really worth it, though?

Yes, a small voice in his head whispered, quiet but persistent. *For George, anything is worth it.*

So Clay let out a sigh, turning to face Nick.

“George is leaving in five days.”

Nick’s eyes went wide and he let out a small gasp. “What? Why? Clay, what happened?”

Clay told him everything. About George’s dad, about the transfer, about possibly staying in England for college. Nick took in all the information with a dark expression, his eyes stormy.

“I love him, Nick,” Clay said after a long pause. The words almost hurt him to say, but he knew they were true. They had always been true, and they probably always would be. “I thought he loved me too, but maybe I was wrong.”

Nick leaned forwards, grabbing Clay’s shoulders and shaking him roughly.

“He does love you. I know you won’t believe me, but I can tell. I can see it in his eyes, in the way he talks to you. He’s always been different with you; better. You both make each other better. Are you really going to let all of this go that easily?”

Clay looked at Nick in confusion, but something in his chest hardened into resolve, egged on by the small whisper in his head.

“No.”

Nick smiled at him before getting to his feet. “Right then. I’ll leave you to get ready, but I expect you to be at school on time today. You got this man. I believe in you- in *both* of you.”

With that, Nick walked out the door, leaving Clay with the smallest bit of hope.

It wasn't a lot, but it would have to be enough.

Chapter End Notes

Also I FINALLY UPDATED TOUCH OFF

If you read these end note thingies then you'll have heard me mention Touch Off by now, but I highly recommend it! I'm heading into the final stages of that story too, and then I can FINALLY share with u guys my upcoming ideas >:)

Five Days

Chapter Notes

Hello

I rlly gotta stop disappearing right after writing angst

It's not a good look lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

(Five days left)

- after school on Monday -

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Minx: wtf was that

Karl: girl how should I know

Puffy: so I'm not the only one who thought that was awkward as hell? Ok good

Quackity: hello my dudes. Wtf.

Niki: I'm actually so lost rn help

Sapnap: yeah...

Karl: ??? Did u already know ab this???

Sapnap: maybe just a bit...

Minx: and you didn't think to TELL US?!?

Sapnap: it wasn't my business to tell!

Quackity: ya but we're the polyamorous society, relationships is our specialty

Sapnap: ya but I rilly don't think we can fix this one...

Niki: ...

Puffy: whatcha thinkin

Niki: I think we need to get the gang back together

Sapnap: no-

Niki: Tommy?

TOMMY *has joined THAT GAY SHIT*

TOMMY *has added Tubbo and Ranboo to THAT GAY SHIT*

TOMMY: we r here to help

Quackity: how do u even DO that?!

Tubbo: doesn't matter. We heard there's a relationship that needs saving?

Minx: that ab sums up the situation, ya

Puffy: basically, Clay and George broke up cause George is leaving in five days to move back to England for possibly a long ass time

TOMMY: that's... a lot

Ranboo: we can fix this... right?

Sapnap: were gonna fucking try

Karl: yay! :D

Quackity: that's what I'm TALKING ABOUT

Puffy: lets do this

Niki: we can fix this for sure

Minx: uh, one problem

Minx: do we even have a plan in the slightest?

TOMMY: uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Karl: uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Puffy: uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Ranboo: no?

Quackity: I think I've got something...

Minx: spill

Quackity: this is gonna be different from last time. Before they were too dumb to realize that the other liked them, but now they (hopefully) already know that

Sapnap: I wouldn't be too sure, they're both very dense

Quackity: anyway-

Quackity: what if we reused our original idea? Just get them together somewhere where they can't leave until they talk to each other

Niki: that... might actually work

Puffy: Tommy...

TOMMY: ya?

Puffy: ur in band, right?

TOMMY: yes...?

Puffy: how easy would it be for u to get keys to the instrument closet?

Quackity: oh I see where this is going...

Karl: this could actually work

Sapnap: alright then. Polyamorous Society (and kids) lets fucking do this

Chapter End Notes

Ive been brainstorming some new ideas for another fic that I'm gonna start after this one is over (which is soon oof) so let me know if u wanna know ab that

Four Days

Chapter Notes

Sorry I forgot to post today
Have this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

(Four days left)

- After school on Tuesday -

- The Social Experiment -

Wilbur: is it just me

Wilbur: or has it been suspiciously quiet on here recently

TOMMY: idk what ur talking about big man

Tubbo: yup no idea

TOMMY: I think your imagining things

Karl: definitely

Wilbur: sure...

TOMMY: QUICK LOOK BEHIND U ITS SALLY

Wilbur: OH MY GOD WHERE

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: I fucking hate u gremlin shit

Fundy: can I add someone to the chat

Wilbur: ya sure

Fundy: thanks

Fundy added Eret to The Social Experiment

Eret: Hello gents

Niki: Hi Eret!

Wilbur: no they're not allowed here

Fundy: why not?

Wilbur: cause she has a shit accent

Eret: ur just mad that my accent is hotter than urs

Eret: and I can pull off a dress better

Niki: shade has been thrown omg

Wilbur: I'm banning u

Eret: it was never meant to be ig

*Eret has left **The Social Experiment***

Fundy: u fucker

Fundy: that was my mother how could u

Wilbur: WHAT ABOUT ME

Fundy: ur nothing but an inconvenience

TOMMY: YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Niki: shade has been THROWN

Niki: Will, can I add someone to the chat?

Wilbur: ofc

Wilbur: as long as its not Eret

Niki: kk

*Niki added **Jack Manifold** to **The Social Experiment***

Jack Manifold: oh hey guys

Niki: hi Jack!

Jack Manifold: so is this what u guys do all day

Jack Manifold: use a stupid gc

TOMMY: JACK JACK, HEY JACK

Jack Manifold: pls don't

TOMMY: DID YOU GET A WHOPPER?

Tubbo: DID YOU GET A WHOPPER?

Wilbur: DID YOU GET A WHOPPER?

Jack Manifold: right, I'm leaving now

Jack Manifold has left The Social Experiment

Niki: awwwww

Minx: don't be sad, ur too sexy haha

Niki: :)

Puffy: :)

TOMMY: Will, can I-

Wilbur: no

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Minx: right, I don't think they suspect a thing

Sapnap: good good

Puffy: Tommy, do you have the keys?

TOMMY: of course, cause I'm awesome

Tubbo: that debatable

TOMMY: shut up bee boi

Quackity: alrighty then

Quackity: we can move forward with our plan

Sapnap: well get them in the closet after school

Karl: the band rooms are in use after school tho, right?

TOMMY: shit they r

Tubbo: not on Fridays!

Sapnap: that's literally the day before George leaves

Karl: thats fine, it'll have to do

Quackity: does everyone have their marching orders?

TOMMY: yep

Tubbo: got em

Ranboo: ofc

Karl: yup

Sapnap: u already know

Puffy: definitely

Minx: what do u take me for, an idiot?

Niki: yes!

Minx: :0

Niki: WAIT NO THAT WASNT TO U THAT WAS TO ALEX

Minx: oh ok :D

Niki: :D

Sapnap: ...alright then

Sapnap: lets do this

Chapter End Notes

The end is drawing closer as we speak

Prepare urselves

We r soon moving on to bigger and better things

And also more Touch Off soon >:3

They're back in the closet, ur honor

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for this one

Turn it up

cries

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

(One day left)

General POV

"Ok fuckers, it's go time."

George POV

"Hey Gogy!"

George turned, watching in slight dismay as Tommy made his way towards him. He was grinning widely, but there was a slight edge to it. He was probably up to something.

"Ya, Tommy?"

Classes had ended not even ten minutes ago, and George was already getting wrapped up in shit. He didn't have the time for this, quite literally. It was George's last day.

"George, big man, hey, can you help me with something?"

George raised an eyebrow. "Uh, with what?"

"I just need help moving some band instruments into the instrument closet, and both Tubbo and Ranboo bailed on me. Then I saw you, and I was like, 'hey, Gogy's a pretty pog guy, he'll definitely help,' and now I'm here."

George watched Tommy for a second before sighing.

"Fine, I guess I can help you. Let's go."

George hadn't been in the band room in years.

In his freshmen year, George had played the clarinet in the concert band, but he had quit right after. George had never regretted his decision to quit band, it had opened up time for other things, but there was something so... melancholic about coming back. After three years, George was back in the first classroom he had ever used at L'manburg high, and it was probably the last classroom he would ever be in at the school. There was something poetic about it, but George decided he didn't actually care.

"Ok, if you could wait inside the closet and open the door for me to carry the drums in, that would be great," Tommy called, making his way towards a snare drum that sat in the corner of the large room.

This felt vaguely like a trap, but not for the first time that day, George decided he didn't actually care.

"Ya, sure."

George walked into the instrument closet, which was dark, save for a single light hanging from the ceiling. Just as George realized that this whole thing was stupid and why did he have to be *inside* the closet to hold the door open, said door shut behind him.

George turned quickly, dread filling the pit of his stomach. Just as he reached for the handle to open the door, he heard a loud *click* from the other side.

”Tommy, whatever the fuck you’re planning-“

”Sorry Gogmeister, can’t hear you!” Tommy called out quickly. George could hear a smile in his voice. “Now, I’ll be back in a little bit, so just sit tight!”

”Tommy don’t fucking leave-“

The sound of a door shutting cut George off. Tommy had fucking left.

Quickly, George pulled out his phone to call Nick.

”Hey Nick, do you think you could come let me out of the closet?”

”Is this your way of telling me your gay?”

George gritted his teeth, rubbing his temples. “No, Nick. I’ve literally had a boyfriend, Nick. The child has locked me in the band closet, Nick.”

”Oh.”

George waited, but Nick didn’t elaborate.

”’oh?’ That’s it?”

Nick laughed a little, and the dread in George’s stomach grew.

“Ya, sorry about this one bud, but I can’t do that. Now I gotta go ok? Ok, bye!”

”Nick-“

Nick hung up.

George stared at the locked door, phone still held to his ear. What the *fuck* was happening?

George didn’t have to wait too long to find out.

He had sat down on the ground to wait, leaning against a cabinet with his eyes closed. Suddenly, the sound of voices filled the hall outside. Just as George got to his feet, the closet door opened, and a figure was shoved inside.

”Hey, what the fuck!”

The door shut again. George distantly heard the sound of the lock turning, but he was too busy staring at the person now in front of him.

”Alright, you two figure your shit out now! We’ll see you in a bit!”

That was Nick’s voice. The dirty fucker.

Clay turned around, and when his eyes met George’s, his face dropped into a look of shock.

“George?”

George swallowed hard, looking away.

The two had barely spoken since that day in the rain. They had hung out, sure, but only in the setting of the group, and they had done their best to ignore each other. Or at least, George had done his best to annoy Clay.

Clay was clearly annoyed about this.

“Are you fucking kidding me? There’s no one else here, we can’t even leave, and you’re still ignoring me.”

George said nothing.

“Right then,” Clay gritted out, turning to look around the room. After a few seconds, he started walking around the small space, looking in cabinets and opening drawers. Despite himself, George was curious.

”What are you doing?” His voice was weak, but Clay turned at the sound, his eyes guarded.

“Something to pick the lock with.”

”Oh.”

George wrapped his arms around himself, backing into a corner and watching as Clay shuffled around the small closet.

After a few seconds, Clay let out an annoyed huff, backing away from the drawer he had been sifting through. He was only two feet away from George.

”Clay...”

Clay stiffened at the sound of George’s voice, but he didn’t turn around. George sighed, his breathing shaky.

”For what it’s worth, I’m sorry. I didn’t want it to end like that. I didn’t want it to end at all-“

“Then why did you?”

Clay spun around, and his eyes were fiery. George subconsciously took a step back, his pulse jumping.

“What?” George whispered, not quite meeting Clay’s eyes.

”Why did you end it?” Clay sounded angry, but George could hear a slight desperation in his voice.

”I-“

George didn’t know what to say. But he started talking anyway.

“You can easily find someone else, Clay. Why do you care so much?”

Clay’s expression was a mixture of anger and incredulity.

“Why do I care so much? Why do I *care*? I don’t *want* to find someone else, George! I *care* because- because I *love you!*”

Oh.

George felt like he was falling.

This wasn’t real. It couldn’t be.

The universe really hated him.

”Clay-“

Clay reached forward, grabbing George's shoulders and pulling him closer into a kiss. George gasped, already melting into it. He shouldn't be doing this... not the day before he was leaving... that wasn't fair to either of them.

George broke the kiss quickly, but he only moved back enough that their lips were no longer touching. Clay's breath ghosted across his lips, and George shivered, breath shuddering.

"I can't, Clay."

"Why not?" Clay's voice was little more than a whisper, rough and deep. George felt his knees weaken a little.

"Because I can't have you!"

Clay blinked as George pulled away, clearly surprised by his outburst. No matter how much George wanted to pull him in again, to kiss the shocked expression off his face, he didn't. Instead, he walked towards the door, knocking softly.

"Tommy, I know you can hear me. Open the door, please."

Miraculously, the lock turned and the door was pulled open. George walked quickly past Tommy, past Nick who was standing farther down the hall. His steps quickened as he made his way towards the edge of campus, until he was running, sprinting through the rain that was still falling, so many days after the incident. George felt hot tears on his face, but he ignored them, slowing down slightly. He didn't know where he was going, he just let his mind wander as his feet took him somewhere.

After a few minutes, George blinked, looking up and taking in his surroundings.

He was at the edge of their small town, standing on a dirt road that ran next to a field of wilted sunflowers. There wasn't anything special about the place, and George couldn't remember ever being there before, but he didn't question it. He was about to turn and head home when a voice called out, freezing him in place.

”George, wait!”

Chapter End Notes

Haha

Ha

Ha...

No More Pain? Crabrave!

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry to everyone I have made cry

I hope this makes up for it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- IRL -

Clay POV

It had been stupid, really.

Stupid of Clay to think that kissing George would fix anything. It hadn't. The moment George had pulled away, Clay had felt something inside of him shatter, falling into a million tiny pieces. He could almost see the slivers of what it used to be, scattered on the floor around him as George took a step back.

"I can't, Clay."

Clay stared at him, feeling his heart break just a little.

"Why not?" He could hear the pain in his own voice, the hurt that now flowed freely through him.

"Because I can't have you!"

Clay stared at George in shock, unable to move. He just watched as George walked to the door, as the door opened, and as George disappeared from his line of sight. Suddenly, Tommy's face popped into view. He looked more emotional than Clay had ever seen him, eyes full of regret.

"I'm so sorry big man..."

Clay stepped out of the band closet, feeling slightly numb. Suddenly, someone grabbed his shoulders, shaking him roughly.

"What the hell man!"

Clay blinked, slowly coming back. He realized Nick had him by the shoulders, and was glaring at him with bright eyes.

"What?"

Nick's expression grew even more outraged than it already was.

"You're just going to let him walk away like that! After everything?"

Clay blinked. Then blinked again.

Why couldn't he?

He could accept the fact that George didn't love him. He *could* move on. It might take months, even years, but Clay could probably do it. But was that really what he wanted?

No. There was a way out of this. It tugged at the back of Clay's mind. He knew there had to be some way out of this, some way to go back to how they had been. Maybe if he could just see George's face one more time, run his fingers through his dark hair, stare into his eyes... maybe he could figure it out.

"Which way did he go?"

Some sort of resolve had wormed its way into Clay's chest, taking up the space left by whatever had broken inside of him before. Nick gave him a wild grin, eyes bright once more with a warm fire.

"I think I know where he'll go."

George POV

"George, wait!"

George froze, not turning but instead shutting his eyes tight. This was not happening. He had left, he had said his goodbye. Why wouldn't Clay accept that? George was forcibly turned around by a hand on his shoulder, spinning him towards the voice. Clay stood in front of him, drenched to the bone and breathing hard. But he was here. Why was he *here*?

"What do you want from me?" George asked softly, his voice barely more than a whisper over the loud sound of the rain pounding down around them.

Clay stared into George's eyes for a moment before pulling him into a tight hug. George froze up on instinct, wanting to push away, but something told him not to. Instead, he wrapped his arms around Clay, practically melting into him.

"I know you can't stay," Clay spoke softly, face pressed into George's wet hair, "I know that. So why can't we try this?"

"Because it won't last, Clay!" George's words were harsh, but there was no real heat left in them. He could feel tears pricking at his eyes again, and he let them fall, soaking into the fabric of Clay's shirt. He was practically shaking with sobs, but Clay just held him tighter, slowly rubbing circles into George's back with his thumbs.

"We can do it, I know we can. Please, can we just try?"

"Clay..."

Clay said nothing, seeming to be waiting for George to speak. So he did.

"I broke up with you because I thought that- I somehow thought that if I could leave you before you left me, then it would hurt less. I thought that as soon as I told you that I was moving, you would want to end it- end *us*. It was so, so fucking stupid, but I thought it was the only way. In all of my relationships, whether it was romantic or platonic, I could never see it going anywhere. All I saw was it ending, and I didn't know if I could survive us ending. So I did it myself."

George let out a wet laugh, the sound breaking halfway through. "I bit the bullet, or something like that."

Suddenly, Clay was pulling away from him, holding George by his upper arms and looking at him intently. Slowly, he looked up, meeting Clay's gaze head on.

"You're an idiot," was all Clay said, before pulling him in quickly and pressing a short, soft kiss to his lips. As soon as it happened, Clay pulled away, his eyes so full of emotions that George could barely stand to continue eye contact.

"George, I- I know you don't love sappy romantic stuff, so I'll make it short. George, I would go to the end of the earth for you. I would sit here and wait for the rest of my life for you to come back, and then I'd wait a couple more life times too if it meant we could make this work. George I--"

"Don't say it," George said quickly, clapping a hand over Clay's mouth. Clay looked slightly taken aback, but he stopped speaking, carefully pulling George's hand from his face and intertwining their fingers. George took one shaky breath, then he spoke the words that had in the back of his mind for months, ever since Clay had pulled him out of the ocean so long ago. Had it only been a few months?

"Clay, I love you."

George watched in slight satisfaction as Clay's expression went from confusion to shock, his eyes going comically large. Then he smiled widely, pulling George in again.

George couldn't help but smile into the kiss. Some part of his brain was still swirling, still whispering that this was a bad idea, that it would only end in sadness, but he chose to ignore it.

"Let's promise to try our best, ok?" Clay whispered against his lips, the ghost of his wide smile still there.

George closed his eyes, unable to stop the smile spreading across his own lips.

”Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

NO THIS IS NOT THE END lol

There are still a good number of chapters coming. I only have one actual piece of plot left to write, but I can go back to making chatfic chapters (since this was supposed to be a chatfic) either before or after that final plot chapter. Whatever u guys want lol

Minx: so like... how did it go?

Chapter Notes

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaall were back to crack/fluff content!

A lot of u were concerned in the last chapter that more angst was coming, do not fear, this is the end of angst

For this fic, at least

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- THAT GAY SHIT -

Minx: so like... how did it go?

Niki: ya its been a day. Where's our update

Sapnap: well, were at the airport rn

Puffy: ok...

Sapnap: they're talking...

Sapnap: oh, they just kissed

Karl: I think they're good, ya :)

Quackity: our work here is done

TOMMY: does that mean...

Minx: yes

Karl: we are so sorry to do this to u, but-

Tubbo: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ranboo: o7 we had a good run

TOMMY: we had some fun times

Tubbo: this is checkmate

Tubbo: I suggest you resign

TOMMY: BUT WHO AM I WITHOUT YOU?

Tubbo: yourself :)

Tubbo** has left **THAT GAY SHIT

Quackity: wtf was that

TOMMY: I'm in pain.

Minx: alright then

Minx** has removed **TOMMY** and **Ranboo** from **THAT GAY SHIT

Karl: finally, peace

TOMMY** has joined **THAT GAY SHIT

TOMMY: fuck you.

TOMMY** has left **THAT GAY SHIT

Quackity: wtf

Sapnap: right well, I'm leaving now

- The Social Experiment -

Dream: *cries*

George: ur so fucking dramatic

Sapnap: shut up, at least u dont have to deal with him rn, u get to sit on a plane

George: Sap I literally hate planes.

Niki: good luck on ur flight George!

George: thank u Niki! <3

Dream: *sobs*

Wilbur: now u know how I feel

Philza: pls dont-

Wilbur: SALLY MY BELOVED

TOMMY: Will, kindly shut the fuck up, I'm in pain rn.

Philza: why?

Ranboo: Tubbo died

Philza: wWHATT?!?

Tubbo: its true, I'm dead

Philza: oh thank god

Wilbur: *cries*

Dream: *cries with you*

Quackity: they're bonding

George: well ill leave u to ur bonding, I have a plane to fly on

Dream: bye George

George: goodbye Clay :)

Dream: I love u

George: ...

George: I love u too <3

Quackity: YOOOOOOOOO

Quackity: I FUCKING TOLD U BITCHES, BUT NONE OF U BELIEVED ME

Sapnap: dammit George

Quackity: PAY UP U ALL OWE BE \$20

Niki: ...

Niki: bale?

Minx: bale

Sapnap is offline

Niki is offline

Minx is offline

***Karl** is offline*

***Puffy** is offline*

***TOMMY** is offline*

***Dream** is offline*

***Technoblade** is offline*

***Wilbur** is offline*

***Tubbo** is offline*

***George** is offline*

***Ranboo** is offline*

Quackity: what the fuck.

Philza: sorry mate

Quackity: Phil wait-

***Philza** is offline*

Quackity: love u guys too <3

Quackity is offline

Chapter End Notes

In other news, I have two new fics coming soon!

What this means is that this will prob take a back seat, meaning less frequent updates. Basically, this fic is functionally complete at this point, but I'm gonna keep adding shit to it because I like crack

Moving on, the two new fics coming are:

A tommy-centric mha/vigilante au - basically if you've read Tommyinnits Unbeatable Method to Avoiding Sudden Death, its basically that. But less painful.

A dnf/karlnapity band au, because why not

Also I'm gonna be giving Touch Off more attention so I can finish it soon lol

That's all for today :) love u guys a lot <3

Edit: the first chapter of Tommyinnit, the Brave and Courageous is up now! More coming soon for both this and Touch Off

TOMMY: IM NOT A FUCKING CHILD

Chapter Notes

Hello babies I'm back

Almost all of the dialogue was ripped directly from a discord server I'm a part of. If ur curious, all of Tommy's line were said by me.

Ya.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Wilbur: have u guys gotten ur COVID shots yet?

Puffy: yep!

TOMMY: not yet, but the age limit has gone down so I can soon!

Wilbur: mf how old r u?

TOMMY: old enough, Bitch.

TOMMY: suck my dick.

Wilbur: I prefer pussy, ty

TOMMY: same

TOMMY: actually no, I don't care what u like

TOMMY: Wilbur has angered me and I shall now be pessimistic for the rest of the day

Wilbur: anyways, I'm getting a tv

Wilbur: except I don't actually want a tv

Wilbur: give me better ideas

Philza: Nintendo switch

TOMMY: death.

Tubbo: Tommy is a child <3

TOMMY: Fuck u u fucking bitch ur only a year fucking older than me fuck off and fuck urself I hate u

Tubbo: :|

Wilbur: so ur 15

TOMMY: NO WTF

Wilbur: but Tubbo is 16???

TOMMY: fuck off

Technoblade: a lot of fucks today huh

TOMMY: if u call me a child u get fucked, that's just how it goes

Wilbur: no because u are a child

Tubbo: Tommy how old r u?

TOMMY: ...

TOMMY: 16

Wilbur: mf ab to enter high school

TOMMY: lol no I'm gonna be a fucking sophomore, fuck u

TOMMY: but I'm REALLY FUCKING MATURE AND SELF AWARE FUCK U

TOMMY: if u knew me you would know I'm so mature

Tubbo: Tommy how tall r u?

TOMMY: 6'2" bitch

Tubbo: fuck u

TOMMY: no <3

Niki: hiiiiii

TOMMY: also IM NOT A FUCKING CHILD WILBUR

Niki: what the actual fuck is happening here

TOMMY: I'm ab to start BREAKING SHIT

Philza: pls don't-

Chapter End Notes

Also YALL THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS OF MY VIGILANTE TOMMY FIC IS UP

THE FOURTH CHAPTER IS GONNA BE UP TODAY, DONT MISS IT

anyways, hope u enjoyed <3

Wilbur: what the fuck.

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all

Been a while

More info in the end notes if u want it :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Social Experiment

TOMMY: fellas guess what

Wilbur: I dont care

Tubbo: what

TOMMY: I cut my leg open

Wilbur: you fucking WHAT

TOMMY: haha ya

TOMMY: my apartment building got set on fire

Tubbo: oh ya I remember

Ranboo: we were in the apartment building when it got set on fire

Philza: I'm sorry, what?

TOMMY: Phil, I think ur my dad

Wilbur: wtf is happening rn...

TOMMY: Wilbur, ur my canon brother

Wilbur: what the fuck.

TOMMY: also why dont I get super powers?

Wilbur: what is he even saying rn

Philza: best just to ignore it, m8

TOMMY: I mean, everyone else gets powers, why dont I?

Wilbur: someone pls tell me wtf is going on rn

Technoblade: the author is self-promoing

Wilbur: the who is doing what?

Technoblade: the fic is called Tommyinnit, the Brave and Courageous u guys

George: wtf is happening

Tubbo: its true, we're all in it

TOMMY: and iM THE MAIN CHARACTER

TOMMY: SUCK IT DREAM

Dream: no thanks

George: im just gonna leave now

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: are y'all finished?

Ranboo: did u know that the fic is rlly good?

Wilbur: oh my fucking god-

Chapter End Notes

Aha ya

So I've been absent for a bit from this fic
I know I said that I wouldn't be writing it as much cause its basically finished, but I
still feel bad for not updating, fuck me I guess

But if u guys like how I write Tommy u rlly should check out Tommyinnit, the Brave
and Courageous

It's a spin on the Tommy vigilante idea

Kinda like tumasd, but less painful

So if u like my writing and like Tommy and liked tumasd, then I recommend it!
Updates are pretty frequent, and I'm actually almost done with it lol, so y'all can binge most of it rn if u wanted

Anyways, have a lovely day/night/whatever, love u all, stay safe <3

Wilbur: they did it again?

Chapter Summary

Brrrrrrrr arf arf

Grrrrrrr

Bark

Chapter Notes

Whats this? Plot? In this economy?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

Dream: YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

George: stfu <3

Dream: rude

Dream: but I can look over that, because I'm vibing rn

Tubbo: what happened?

Dream: I MADE THE VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Sapnap: HE MADE THE VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Niki: congrats!

TOMMY: WAY TO GO BIGMAN

Tubbo: were so proud of u bossman :3

Wilbur: congrats

George: thats cool or whatever

Dream: :3 <3

George: ...

George: <3

Technoblade: GUYS

Wilbur: wat

TOMMY: WHAT

Tubbo: what's up

Technoblade: the author started another fic...

Wilbur: oh no-

Dream: is it about me?

Technoblade: ...

Dream: oH MY GOD ITS ABOUT ME ISNT IT

Technoblade: well not just u, but ya, u do get a lotta screen time

Dream: HELL YA LETS GOOOOO

Technoblade: also yes, this is a shameless plug disguised as an actual update, I'm glad u asked

Wilbur: they did it again...

*Message from **George** to **Wilbur***

George: hey, I wanted to talk with u

Wilbur: what's up?

George: so, idk if I told u already, but I'm gonna graduate a year early

Wilbur: ok...

George: and I'm gonna take a gap year before going to college back in the states

Wilbur: where is this going...

George: so I'm gonna be free for ur guys' senior year, right?

Wilbur: George, pls get to the point

George: ok jeez. So I was thinking...

Chapter End Notes

Always be pluggin ;3

(No but seriously, go read I Promise Not to Steal Your Heart. Probably. Its rlly good and its gonna be super plot heavy and cool and stuff and if u even just went and commented random words that would be so great pls my clout-)

Life Update

(This message has been copied onto every fic other than Uncanny and TtBaC, so you only need to read this one that you're reading right now.)

Hey guys.

So yes, hello, its been a hot minute. There rilly isn't any reason for this, life has just kinda gotten in the way. I started classes again about two months ago now, so I've either been swamped with work or haven't had the energy/motivation to write. If you'll notice, the only things that have been updated recently are Tommyinnit, the Brave and Courageous and Uncanny.

I think its been long enough with silence, so I'm making the executive decision to call a hiatus on this fic. I know, sad, pain, tears.

This DOES NOT mean that i dont intend to finish it. I rilly would like to finish all of these some day, that just... might not happen for a little while.

There are about two more chapters left on Tommyinnit, the Brave and Courageous. Once I'm finished with that fic I'm gonna try to turn my full attention to Uncanny.

Uncanny is a project i started with a group of my friends, and its kinda complicated so I'm gonna do my best to simplify it here. Basically, the setting is a modded Minecraft world, where everyone is a hybrid of some sort. There's also magic and stuff. It's cool, trust me.

If that sounds interesting to you or you enjoy my writing, i would rilly rilly appreciate you checking it out. Even if you dont understand at all, i rilly dont care, i just crave validation and human interaction.

Basically, everything other than Uncanny and TtBaC are on hold for the foreseeable future. I can't thank you guys enough for all the support throughout the last several months, it's rilly meant the world to me. If you decide to stick around for Uncanny or just until i update these fics again, I'm very grateful. If you chose to leave, i wish you luck on your journey.

It's been a wild ride. Thanks for coming along with me.

See you guys soon <3

Fundy: We're in a cave Ranboo, what the fuck are you talking about

Chapter Notes

The voices r back
They say I should write crack again
So I am here
Writing crack
Again
Yep

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

TOMMY: ayup

Philza: Toms u have class rn

TOMMY: says fucking who

Wilbur: says me, go to class

TOMMY: FUCK U BALDBUR

Wilbur: FUCK U I AM NOT BALD MY HAIR IS PERFECT

TOMMY: TELL THAT TO UR GF, OH WAIT-

Wilbur: YOU LITTLE-

Ranboo: hey guys, funny story

Ranboo: we're in a cave

Wilbur: ...

Wilbur: what the fuck. Who is we

Philza: r u guys alright???

Tubbo: were fine bosiosis man, dw

Ranboo: ah yes, bosiosis man

Tubbo: I will cut off ur pinky toes and sell them for a ridiculous amount of money on the black market.

Tubbo: also its me, Boo, Toms and Fundy

Technoblade: ah, so that's why Tommy isn't in class

TOMMY: FUCK U, I ONLY GO TO CLASS WHEN I WANT TO

TOMMY changed Wilbur to Baldbur

Baldbur: HOW DO U DO THIS

TOMMY: I WILL BITE YOU

Baldbur: Phiiiiiiil

Phil is offline

Technoblade: oof

Technoblade is offline

Baldbur: WHAT THE FUCK.

Ranboo: ...

Ranboo: so how ab this weather, huh?

Fundy: ...

Fundy: we're in a cave Ranboo, what the fuck are you talking about

Chapter End Notes

Hello, its me. I'm alive. Surprise! In other news, ive been putting way too much time into another fic of mine, a Tommy centric gods au fic called yawrimo(etptg). No I will not be writing that out, u have to figure it out ur self or find the fic. But anyways, if u wanna read that it would mean a lot to me, if not enjoy ur randomly written crap here instead

As always, love u guys and stay safe <3

TOMMY: I think you missed the part where were still in a fucking CAVE

Chapter Notes

Ayup kids, happy new year

New year, same me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

- The Social Experiment -

George: I just woke up, y tf is Wilbur's name Baldbur and y is that funny

Baldbur: stfu or im not helping u with ur secret plan

Dream: what secret plan?

George: nothing, fuck off

Dream: harsh

Sapnap: someone say secret plan?

Quackity: i heard bald

Karl: secrets?

George: wilbur soot.

Baldbur: ...oops?

Baldbur *is offline*

George: coward

Dream: so what's all this ab a secret plan?

George: none of ur fucking business, piss off

Sapnap: someone's cranky today

Karl: hard time adjusting to the time zone?

George: something like that. Can u call later? I need to run something past u

Karl: ofc! Just let me know when

George: txs

Dream: wtf just happened

Sapnap: idfk

Quackity: Karlos r u cheating on me??????

Sapnap: *us

Quackity: us??????????

Karl: no idiot, im just being a good friend

Dream: am I not a good friend gogy?

George: I am literally going to skin u alive

Dream: what's with all this aggression????

George: m tired

Dream: u need to sleep more idiot

George: stfu, dont pretend like u sleep either

Dream: we aren't talking ab me, we're talking ab u

Tubbo: hey, hate to butt in on such a sweet moment but-

TOMMY: I think you missed the part where were still in a fucking CAVE

Philza: how did Fundy even end up with u guys? The three of u I expect, but Fundy seems more reasonable than that

Ranboo: ok, rude

Technoblade: but fair

Ranboo: and we were actually trying to play a prank on Fundy, which is why he's here

Fundy: here and regretting every life decision Ive ever made

TOMMY: shut up bitch boy, ur fine

Tubbo: I have resorted to singing to myself to pass the time

Ranboo: I- how r u doing that

Philza: ?

Ranboo: he's autotuning his voice

Ranboo: he does not have an auto tuner.

Technoblade: every day I live is a day I get closer to death

Dream: this chat was a mistake

Baldbur: life was a mistake, my friend

George: there u r BITCH

Baldbur: oops

***Baldbur** is offline*

George: he is dead

Philza: ill let him know m8

Technoblade: ill help him draft his will

Chapter End Notes

I just finished that fic I was talking ab at the end of the last chapter, now im moving back to a hero/villain fic because they r my cocaine, so maybe stick around for that

Or not, its up to u

End Notes

i dont have an update schedule for this but expect at least one chapter a week. see ya in the next part!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!